

Pilgrimages to Methodist Shrines

Pilgrimages to Methodist Shrines

By

WILLIAM HENRY MEREDITH

OF THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH



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Dedicatory



TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES IN MASSACHUSETTS;

Namely, Wesley, Salem; First, Northampton;
Saint Paul's, Lynn; First, Stoneham; State
Street, Springfield; First, Everett; and Boston
Highlands, Boston, by whose generous leaves of
absence, at intervals between July, 1878, and
October, 1901, these seven pilgrimages were
made possible, these pages are gratefully ded-
icated by a lover of Methodist History, and
their former pastor,

WILLIAM HENRY MEREDITH

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PREFATORY

Nearly all the matter in the following pages has already appeared in our leading Methodist periodicals. Repeated requests that we "book" the articles have come from readers, the judgment of many of whom, in such matters, we could not question. The writer, not being a bookmaker, but a Methodist preacher and pastor who loves his Church and is intensely interested in its history, has found his highest pleasure and greatest recreation in going back, as far as possible to him, to original sources of its history, and in visiting places on both sides of the Atlantic made memorable by associations with its earliest preachers and events.

With no attempt at literary finish or thought

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of "style," but with a sincere effort to enable the reader to see, through his eyes, and to awaken in him an interest in the matchless history of Methodism, is the author's sole reason for recommitting these pages to the press.

"The New England Methodist Historical Society,"
36 Bromfield, Street, Boston, Mass.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1902.

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OFF TO EPWORTH

THE Epworth League Movement has carried the name of this little English town into hundreds of thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. Generations yet to come will look to it as the center whence radiated holy influences which are yet to touch the whole human race, for the Epworth parish includes the world. Little do the people of that prosy little town, five miles from a railroad, know how many transatlantic eyes are being turned that way, although they have begun to think something is happening by the increasing list of American visitors and their profound interest in the old parish church and rectory. It has become a shrine to which unsuperstitious people wend their steps in order to see the little place which, like Bethlehem, Eisenach, Mt. Vernon, or Salisbury, N. H., has been lifted out of obscurity by one who was born there. Soon the English guide-books and maps must include it, and encyclopædias must speak

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more fully of it and the illustrious ones who have made it famous. After two trips to England since 1878, without visiting Epworth, a fresh dip into Methodist history awakened a very strong desire to see it, and to revisit other Methodist shrines which had been so full of interest on previous occasions. The League Movement makes such a visit necessary to Methodist tourists. By calling the attention of our people, especially of our young people, to our marvelous history, it is destined to be of incalculable help to our Church. The English theological schools have recently added to their curriculums a distinct department of Methodist history.

One of the "Fernley Lectures" before the British Wesleyan Conference was on "The Mission of Methodism." Possibly a larger space for Methodism in the ecclesiastical history work at Boston, Drew, Evanston, etc., would, by demonstrating our true apostolic success-*ion*, weld our theologues more firmly to the Church in which they found conversion and education.

The most direct way to Epworth from Scotland or London is to take "The Flying Scots-

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man," after booking for Doncaster. From either way you change at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, where Sir Isaac Newton fitted for college, and proceed to Doncaster, where you must change and rebook for Haxey, which is the railroad station nearest to Epworth. The trip can easily be made from York by way of Doncaster. After visiting Newcastle-on-Tyne and its Methodist shrines, and on our way down to Bristol, the Mecca of organized Methodism, and Kingswood, the scene of its first triumphs among the masses, and the site of its first school, we stopped at York to change for Doncaster. A prominent Wesleyan minister of the city could not tell me how far it was to Epworth, nor the way thither, although for nearly three years he had been living within twenty-five miles of the old town. "What ones you Americans are," said he, "for historic places!" My native modesty forbade my telling him the reason why.

At seven o'clock of a Saturday morning in July we set out from York, in the pouring rain, to see Epworth. Soon Doncaster was reached, and the slow, "pokey" train for Haxey was taken, which set us down there at 8.45 A. M.

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The 'bus for Epworth not meeting that train, we had to wait until the next arrived, at about ten o'clock. We sought breakfast at the little "inn," which was just opened for the day's business, but found we could get nothing but bread and cheese and beer. We chose the former, and a company of mechanics, who had just stepped off the same train for a day's fishing in the neighborhood, chose the beer. While regaling themselves they suggested a pilgrimage to Epworth, where "good awld John Wesley was born." This arose from my inquiries of the "landlady" behind the bar as to the way thither, and persons to whom I had introductions when I reached it. Presently the two-horse herdic, as we would call it, but 'bus it was, rolled into the yard, and in it two of the very gentlemen to whom I had letters with instructions to show me all the points of interest. They were off on the next train, but told me I would find my third man at home, which I did on arrival at his printing-office. The ride was as it were along paths through the midst of grain fields. First Haxey is reached, a quaint little village, then soon Epworth is seen, and one's emotions kindle with

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strange delight as we approach it. We found our guide to be a Methodist local preacher, editor of *The Epworth Bells*, and quite an enthusiastic antiquary, who, for the sake of our common friend, the author of my letter, at once put himself at our service. To the old parish church of St. Andrew we went first, of which Samuel Wesley was rector nearly forty years. The last rector, the Rev. and Hon. Mr. Dundas, held the same office for the same time. The two rectors are buried close to each other.

We approach the church by a most beautiful "church walk" arched by overhanging trees all along the way. The building is in itself unattractive, but its associations make it of surpassing interest to us as we enter its gray portals, thinking of Mother Wesley and her troop of boys and girls who often passed that way into the same ancient house of God. The sextoness met us at the door with words of welcome, and was very anxious to show us all the things of interest in the old church. "Damp and gloomy" we at once pronounced the interior. It had been raining in that region for about six weeks, they told us. The floor throughout was of stone or earth, the bare

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walls and low roofs of nave and aisles and old-fashioned seats seemed unlike aids to worship.

Close to the south door is the old font where all the Epworth-born Wesley babes were solemnly baptized. She produced the old font cover and pitcher which were used in those times. We stood in the place where the old rector stood, and seemed to hear him say, "John Benjamin, I baptize thee," etc., and wondered if a cry was then heard from him whose later cry was to be heard all around the world. In the chancel we saw the Wesley chairs preserved with great care. The old communion table is not there, but is now in the Wesley Memorial Church of the town. We passed through the low, narrow Wesley door which led into the small vestry and robing room. This was the inner sanctuary of Samuel Wesley. From it he passed out through the church, just outside of which he was suddenly seized and cast into prison for a debt of less than £30. We examined the old belfry, and last of all inside things we saw the old record chest, in which for ages the Church records were kept until the present iron safe was bought. Its lid

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was a tree trunk in its natural state. My antiquarian friend suggested this as the origin of "trunk," for box, which is such a care on English railroads and such spoil for Yankee smashers.

From inside the old trunk the sextoness brought out the very collection-box used in Wesley's day. We thought how Bishop McCabe's eyes would glisten if the present rector would present it to him for use in America. Thence out through the south door of the chancel to the grave of Samuel Wesley, M. A., which is very near the door. Since its restoration it has been railed around. On the end facing the open graveyard are two marks in the stone, said to be the very spots where the feet of John Wesley stood when he took it for his pulpit in June, 1742, for eight consecutive nights, and also on later visits. Of course we stood there, as have the many others who had thus worn away the stone. Curate Romley helped Methodism by excluding its founder from his father's pulpit, and by preaching against enthusiasts that June Sabbath-day. The people were notified of the service by John Taylor, Lady Huntingdon's servant, who was

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then traveling with John Wesley. This was his favorite stand on his early visits. Afterward he took the Old Cross in the Marketplace, the shaft of which was blown down February 3, 1889. The base, on which he stood, still remains. It is probable that this base stood where the courthouse now is, and was moved to its present site, "a few yards to the north," and the pillar added in 1806. Having viewed the church from all sides, and admired the approach by the steps on the north side, we proceeded to the rectory. Having in mind the picture on the cover of *The Epworth Hymnal*, we were astonished when, led by our guide, we entered a gate in a high wall, and, reaching a house-door, were told, "This is the rectory." It seemed too modern a house at first sight, and too secluded within itself, though apparently in the midst of the little town; however, we soon became reconciled.

The name of my guide and our card sent in brought immediately the rector, Canon Overton, to us with the kindest of greetings. Look at him: he is a man of medium height and weight, a typical English, scholarly, Christian gentleman of about fifty-five years of age.

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At least six published volumes on Ecclesiastical History and a Life of John Wesley testify to the scholarship which the University of Edinburgh recognized, in 1890, by conferring upon him an honorary D. D. He is an Oxford graduate, was elected to the same Lincoln College fellowship that John Wesley held, and occupied the same vine-clad room in that little, old college. His true Christian character is testified to by Epworthians of all the denominations, and also by the non-church-goers of his parish. His gentlemanliness is evident to all, and was especially appreciated by the inquisitive Yankee visitor that day. We realized the value of time to him that Saturday morning, and the inconvenience of visitors at that hour; but he at once disarmed us, and placed himself, the rectory, and all he knew of the Wesleys at our disposal. His well-cultivated historic sense found evident pleasure at our not-to-be-hidden interest.

We first asked to see the kitchen where Mrs. Wesley held her gospel meetings. Two buxom English girls, "servants," with rosy cheeks and beautifully white caps and dresses, were filling gallipots with newly-made jam, and we con-

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cluded that if Mrs. Wesley had crowded the people as close as those pots were crowded she could not get in more than one-third as many as the number of her historic but uncounted congregation of two hundred. After giving us the original lines of former hallway, etc., on the first floor, the kindly canon took us up the oak staircase to the study. We paused at the foot, and thought of the little Wesley feet pattering up those same old stairs in days gone by. After looking into the old cupboard under the stairs, where the strange noises of crashing bottles, etc., were heard, and thinking of the sounds as of the emptying of bags of gold at the foot of those stairs, we went up to the back room, which was the old Rector Wesley's study. Here he elaborated his thoughts on Job, and prepared his sermons, many of which made the political fur of those times fly in all directions. Thence we proceeded up the attic stairs to the "Ghost Room," where "Old Jeffrey," as Hetty named him, held high carnival, to the terror of not a few, and to the perplexity of many wise men. In the stairway is a dormer window, so arranged that the wall seems very thick; the rector suggested that it

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was one of the things which deceive. The large attic, or "Ghost Room," has a gypsum floor, as hard as any concrete sidewalk. Samuel Wesley built that house to stay. It sends forth hollow sounds as you walk upon it, which can easily be heard downstairs. Canon Overton thinks that the tithes of corn used to be brought and stored there. His idea of the ghost seems the most reasonable we can find. He finds a vein of superstition running through the Wesley family, and regards the ghost as a political one, introduced into the attic with the machinery, the noise of which was often heard, by way of the dormer window, with the help of the servants. We lingered around the bedrooms, wondering which were occupied by John and Charles. Here, somewhere, was the schoolroom where the Mother of Methodism taught her children so wisely and well. From out these doors, at eight years of age, John went to church for his first communion. Thence at eleven years of age he went forth to Charterhouse School, with its trials and triumphs, carrying with him the benediction of his mother "St. Susannah." From out this house went those letters to Lon-

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don and Oxford which were as leading-strings to the young student, checking him when in the least inclined to turn aside from the right path, and guiding him in judgment when burdened with the responsibilities and perplexities of his life work. Here Charles Wesley struck the keynote of those songs of deliverance which now compass the Christian world.

In this house was mapped out the very foreign missionary movements which the father could not, but the son John did, through Methodism, operate. Had John Wesley's application been accepted—for Canon Overton says he did at last apply—this would have been his home, and this village of two thousand inhabitants his parish, and the whole course of modern Church history would have been changed; and the Epworth League, whose first president was Susannah Wesley, would never have gone beyond the four walls which inclose the rectory with its beautiful grounds, and Methodism would be unknown. God saw that John Wesley was too great a man for Epworth parish alone, and so he thrust him out to raise up a people for himself.

Not far from the rectory was born another

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Methodist founder, the Rev. Alexander Kilham, who led off the first secession from the old body, The Methodist New Connection. A memorial chapel to Mr. Kilham was erected before the new Wesley Memorial Church and Manse. The church was opened September 5, 1889. The late Bishop Gilbert Haven and many others spoke of the need of such a memorial to take the place of the old chapel, which was dedicated by Dr. Adam Clarke in 1821, and which still stands on the site of the first Methodist chapel in Lincolnshire, which was dedicated by John Wesley in 1758. Epworth is now the head of a large circuit, with twenty preaching-places, which some of the preachers say is one of the hardest fields in English Methodism.

If you wish to see a typical English country town of the old time see Epworth; but, as intelligent Methodists, and especially as Epworth Leaguers, when in England do not fail to visit this English Bethlehem, where were born both the founder and the sweet singer of Methodism—John and Charles Wesley.

TRACKING THE FORERUNNER OF METHODISM

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, who was emphatically “a voice,” preceded John Wesley in the great Methodist movement, and aided the Arminian branch of Methodism to an extent which is seldom acknowledged. In fact, we sadly neglect him in too many of our references to our early history. He preceded John Wesley by about three years in the experience of conversion. In itinerating, in open-air preaching, and in the evangelization of the masses in England, he was the forerunner. The first school of Methodism was started by him in Kingswood. In fact, it was Whitefield who called John Wesley to Bristol, where he really began the work which resulted in the great Church which honors him as, under God, its founder. Whitefield preceded all the distinctive Methodists in America, and blazed the way for Methodist preachers to “circulate” from Georgia to

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Maine, so that Wesley's early missionaries in 1769, and later, heard echoes of this voice crying in the wilderness. We think coming histories of Methodism will give more space to its John the Baptist and his preparation of the way for the one whom he always regarded as greater than himself.

Having visited the church at Newburyport, Mass., where he had preached, and handled the very Bible he had used in that same pulpit; having read the cenotaph near by, and also having visited the house in which he died, we even entered the vault underneath the pulpit, and handled his bones. We then determined that our visit to England should include a walk in his earliest footsteps. On reaching Liverpool, we booked to London by the Great Western Railroad, *via* Gloucester. Arriving, we at once sought and soon found the Bell Inn, its principal hotel, and asked to be shown the room in which George Whitefield was born. We were taken up to room No. 20. To this house his parents moved from Bristol, thirty-three and a half miles distant. In this room, December 16, 1714, George was born, and here his father died about two years later. Here

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for about eight years his widowed mother carried on the business, when she married Mr. Longden, a Gloucester ironmonger, still keeping the inn until her oldest son married. At fifteen years of age George left school, and donned the blue apron, mopped rooms, and served at the bar as a "common drawer" for about two years, when he went back to school. We pictured him at the bar, where we saw a young lady presiding over decanters, glasses, and beer-mugs, waiting the orders of guests and transients. The buildings are the same, but changed from what they were in the days of the Whitefield proprietorship.

We next found the Crypt Grammar-school near by. Here, at twelve years of age, he really began his education, and for three years was the show-boy when distinguished visitors came to the school. His speeches then made him famous among his fellow-students. After he had left school, for nearly two years he helped first his mother, and later his oldest brother, who took the "inn," and with it George as his helper. His sister-in-law and he could not agree; therefore

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George went to Bristol to visit a brother. Thus ended his inn-life. Whilst at Bristol he attended St. John's Church, and was there convicted of sin. Five years afterwards, on a sudden call, he preached from its pulpit. Later we visited the old church, a part of which is over the ancient arch which spans Broad Street, and is probably a remnant of an old city gate. The Whitefields lived on Wine Street, where also Southey was born. Here George often visited his sister, Mrs. Grevil, during his early ministry. From here he sent for John Wesley, in March, 1739, to come and help in the great revival which had begun in the city, and in Kingswood, its suburb.

From this early Bristol visit he returned to Gloucester, and to the Crypt School for nearly a year, when he left home for Pembroke College, Oxford. From Gloucester to Oxford we went to see his college.

Turning down St. Aldate's Street from High Street, Oxford, we soon reached Pembroke Street, near which, but not on it, is Pembroke College. It at once strikes one as being modern, but the oriel window over the gate-

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way is ancient. Through this gateway passed the poor Gloucester boy to act as servitor, and to get an education. A room on the second floor, over the archway, had been vacated by poor young Samuel Johnson about a year before. We found Dr. Johnson's portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the library, which in Whitefield's day was the hall in which for eighteen months he acted as servitor. The present hall, which faces the entrance, is very much finer than the old one. Its date is 1848. We could not learn which rooms Whitefield occupied. The old chapel still remains; but, some years ago, it was changed from severe plainness to a thing of beauty. We pictured the young ascetic, as he walked these halls with empty stomach, "dirty shoes, a patched gown, and woolen gloves," thereby thinking he was doing God's service. He found the better way soon after he joined the "Holy Club." We followed him back to Gloucester, and stood at the cathedral altar where Bishop Benson ordained him deacon, and in St. Mary's de Crypt Pulpit, where he preached his first sermon, which made "fifteen people mad," and

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was the beginning of the ministry which kindled fires in two hemispheres. We worshiped in some of the churches in England which once rang with his eloquence. It paid us to visit Gloucester, the city of Whitefield, the forerunner of Methodism, and the more so because Gloucester is also the historic Sunday-school city.

GLOUCESTER, THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CITY

WITHIN five minutes' walk of all the Whitefield points of interest in Gloucester are the places made historic by Robert Raikes and the Sunday-school movement. We have named Gloucester "the Sunday-school city," not because it is now the banner city of England in that work, nor because the work began there, as we are so often told, but because it there crystallized and took on a form which soon drew the attention of all England, and made Mr. Robert Raikes, the beginner of the work in Gloucester, so prominent as to be almost universally regarded as the founder of the Sunday-school movement. If our purpose were wholly historical, we would speak of the Sunday-schools of Borromeo in the diocese of Milan, his seven hundred and forty schools, with more than four hundred thousand children in them, and all those more than two

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hundred years before Raikes's school. We would also tell of John Wesley's Sunday-school in Georgia from 1735 to 1737, more than forty years before the Gloucester school. Also of many other beginnings in England, and especially those by the Methodists, notably that by Miss Hannah Ball, of High Wycombe, near London, which was in full work in 1769, eleven years before the first Sunday-school of Raikes. But, as our purpose is more pictorial than historical, we will regard all other school efforts as sporadic, and Robert Raikes as the beginner of the Sunday-school *movement*, and Gloucester as the center whence it moved out for the conquest of the children for Christ and the Church. One purpose of our visit was to trace the footsteps of this benevolent man. Come along, and you shall see them, and the scenes of his toil. We first went to his birthplace, which is in the house next door to the deanery, adjoining the great cathedral. Here lived his father, Robert Raikes, Sr., the founder of the Gloucester *Journal*, which became the ninth provincial paper of England, and was a little larger than a sheet of foolscap when it was

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started in 1722. When Robert Raikes, Jr., took it, in 1757, the young editor of only twenty-two years of age put new life into it. He took a lively interest in the philanthropic work of John Howard, and dined him at his home when he visited Gloucester on prison reform work. Raikes then took up the same work in Gloucester Prison. As we looked at his birthplace, under the very shadow of the cathedral, and recalled his prison work, we thought how natural that he should branch out later in a work which would prevent children from becoming prisoners, and lead them instead into the house of God.

We next moved on to his place of business, and found it in Southgate Street. It is opposite the church of St. Mary de Crypt, where we saw two old houses with gabled roofs and timber-braced fronts. Herein, from 1757 to 1802, lived and labored a savior of the children; shame that since his day it has ever been used as a "wine and spirit merchant's" place of business! What desecration, Raikes's house turned into a "rumshop!" A center of salvation changed to a center of destruction!

It was on the corner of this very Southgate

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Street where he was moved with pity for the boys and girls, employees of Alderman Weaver, the Gloucester pinfactor. They were as lambs without fold or shepherd. Turning to a good Methodist girl, Miss Sophia Cooke, a friend of his, and niece of the employer of the children, he asked her what could be done for them. She quickly told him, and at her suggestion they were gathered and taken to Church on the next Sunday, she joining him in leading the ragged procession. Is it any wonder that John Wesley afterward recommended her to Samuel Bradburn, the prince of Methodist preachers, who soon made her his wife, and to whom she proved a helpmeet indeed?

Mr. Raikes belonged to the Crypt Church, but his pastor did not favor the movement. Rev. Mr. Stock, who had held a Sunday-school in Ashbury, Berkshire, but had now moved to St. John's Church, Gloucester, became his coadjutor in the work, and perhaps the honors of the movement should be at least equally divided between them and Sophia Cooke. In imagination we saw the motley group marching to the cathedral service at 7 A. M., and

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going there with them we could almost see the benign Raikes handing them gingerbread and pennies as they passed him on their way from the Ladye Chapel. No wonder they met him later in the day, at the Sunday-school.

We found the house where his first school was held. It is No. 43 St. Catherine Street. Here, in July, 1780, lived Mr. King. On entering, we found it occupied by a day-laborer, whose wife was busy ironing and caring for the babies. The main room is entered by the street door, which is divided into two parts, upper and lower. No hall or passage intervenes between the sidewalk and room, which is about eighteen feet long and ten wide. The busy housewife told us that "a good many people came to see the place." It certainly is worth a visit. We next sought the house where the good man died, "Crypt House," on Bell Lane, the five-gabled house now occupied by Solicitor Bretherton. In St. Mary de Crypt Church, near by, we found his tomb. His school children followed his remains to this spot, and, as he willed, each received a shilling and a plum-cake at the funeral. A plain tablet near by bears his name, etc., and Job

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xxix, 11, 12, 13, quoted in full. On his father's monument is a Latin tribute to him. The cathedral also has a monument to his memory. In Crypt Alley, near by, stands a memorial tower, with a Raikes tablet to his memory who systematized and changed Sunday-school work from rarity to frequency, and from a local to a national institution, and thus made old Gloucester "the Sunday-school city."

**CHATTERTON—POET, “MAD GEN-
IUS;” AND WHITEFIELD,
PREACHER**

ONE of the very finest parish churches in Old England is that of St. Mary Redcliffe, in the ancient city of Bristol. It far excels Bristol Cathedral in grandeur. We several times explored it during our visits to Bristol. Sir William Penn, father of our famous Quaker State founder, is buried there. Southey, Wesley's great biographer, and Coleridge married two sisters at its altar. Whitefield preached from its pulpit, “to such a congregation as my eyes never yet saw. Many went away for want of room.” This was after his first return from Georgia, and the Sunday after his first having “broken the ice,” as he calls it, by preaching out-of-doors at Kingswood, on Saturday, February 17, 1739. Strange to say, all Bristol pulpits were closed against him a few days before, but that day three, and the next day a fourth, large parish churches were offered him. On Tuesday the chancellor of

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the diocese arraigned him, and Bristol parish churches were ever after closed to this flaming evangelist and forerunner of Methodism. He wrote Dr. Butler, author of the "Analogy of Religion," who was then bishop of Bristol, and is buried in its cathedral; but the bishop's reply is lost. We know the great analogist was friendly to Whitefield, and later gave him five guineas for his Orphanage. In August of this same year John Wesley had a "brush" with the same Bishop Butler on field preaching and on "justification by faith." It is preserved in Wesley's own handwriting.

For about one hundred and fifty years the sextons of this grand old church had borne the name of Chatterton; but now the last of that name held the offices of "subchanter" of the Church and master of the "free school" on Pyle Street, near by. The school, then noted in the city, still stands, and is used as a common primary school, though its ancient walls still bear the honored names of its founders. Master Chatterton lived in a small house adjoining the school, built in an inner court. Here, in August, 1752, died the father; and here, in the little bedroom into which we were

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shown, was born, on November 20, 1752, his posthumous son, Thomas Chatterton, the boy poet, whose works occupy two volumes of the British Poets, and whose fabrications precipitated upon the literary world of that century the celebrated "Rowley controversy." He was a youthful prodigy, for he died by his own hand in 1770, when less than eighteen years of age. He attended the school which his father had taught, and later entered the celebrated Colston's Charity School in the city. In the lofty monument erected on the church lawn he is dressed as a "Colston boy." He seems to have left school when about fourteen years of age. His having free and constant access to the old church, with its historic effigies and tablets, formed no small part of his real education, as his works show. Though he was "confirmed" at ten years of age, he was not only non-religious, but positively irreligious, as his whole life clearly showed.

He called himself the "mad genius." A genius he certainly was, and erratic, too. He was also a bad genius, for his young life, as we study it, seems to have been marked by vain conceit and duplicity from its responsible

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beginning until its baneful end. "Paint me an angel with wings and a trumpet to trumpet my name over the world" was his *modest* desire! He was early apprenticed to a lawyer in Bristol, but procured his release to go to London, whither he went, April 24, 1770. Before this he had never been one day out of the old city of Bristol, or out of sight of its old church. Though less than eighteen years old, his life work was nearly done, and all contained in the bundle of manuscripts he took with him into the coach for London, between eight and nine P. M., April 24, 1770. The coach which bore him to the city was named "The Machine." In it John Wesley, probably, used to journey from Bristol to London. Chatterton's whole life, save the last four months, was spent in Bristol, the very hotbed of Methodism. A few minutes' walk from his home would bring him to the first Methodist church in the world, which still stands in Broadmead. A few more minutes' walk would bring him to the house in Charles Street, near Stokes Croft, where Charles Wesley and his family had been living since three years before the young poet was born. Bristol, and Kingswood, its

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suburb, were all ablaze with Methodist fire during those years. That he came in contact with and sneered at Methodism is seen in one of his earliest poems, written when only eleven and a half years old. It is directed to one who had left the Methodist fold in order to get a position in the employ of a Church curate. It is entitled "Apostate Will." His poem called "The Methodist" closes by describing such a one who

"Thro' hills of Wesley's works had gone;
Could sing one hundred hymns by rote;
Hymns which will sanctify the throat;
But some, indeed, composed so oddly
You'd swear 't was bawdy songs made godly."

Thus he caricatures the poetry of Charles Wesley and the popular airs to which John Wesley had his people sing them.

That he heard Whitefield preach is certain, from his description of him in his burletta, "The Journal:"

"In his wooden palace jumping,
Tearing, sweating, bawling, thumping,
'Repent, repent, repent,'
The mighty Whitefield cries,
Oblique lightning in his eyes,
'Or die and be damn'd!'"

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“Now he raves like brindled cat,
Now 't is thunder,
Rowling,
Growling,
Rumbling,
Grumbling.”

“Again he starts, he beats his breast,
He rolls his eyes, erects his chest.”

“Now again his cornets sounding,
Sense and harmony confounding,
Reason tortured, Scripture twisted
Into every form of fancy :
Forms which never yet existed,
And but his oblique optics can see.
He swears,
He tears,

With sputtered nonsense now he breaks the ears ;
At last the sermon and the paper ends.”

“The saint is melted, pays his fee, and wends ;
And here the tedious length'ning Journal ends.”

Whitefield's mother and several of her children were then living in Bristol, which often brought the flaming evangelist to the old city.

Had this precocious boy obeyed the teachings of these early Methodists whom he thus opposed by his pen, he would have been saved from perpetrating the “Rowley Forgeries ;” saved from the gross immoralities which his

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own pen declares, and which his friends have vainly tried to gloss over ; saved from the bitter disappointment to which his own vain conceit led him ; saved from the poison-cup which his own hand placed to his lips ; saved from a pauper's grave ; and, perhaps, saved to becoming next to Charles Wesley, the greatest poet of Methodism. His "Hymn for Christmas-day" and "The Resignation"—the latter of which educed from James Montgomery one of the most touching of his earlier poems—these show the possibilities of a good hymn-writer in Thomas Chatterton, the boy poet, genius, anti-Methodist, and failure. Professor D. Masson, of the University of Edinburgh, has well retold the story of his life and sad end in "Chatterton: A Story of the Year 1770."

JOHN WESLEY'S FIRST AND LAST OPEN-AIR SERMONS

WAS Savannah, Georgia, or Bristol, England, the place where John Wesley preached his first open-air sermon?

After weighing the evidence, we incline to the "Savannah Oak," or the trees near by, as the place where he, not excluded from the church by the authorities, but driven out by the heat and the crowd, first preached out-of-doors. But because of the peculiar circumstances created by the newly-begun evangelical revival, John Wesley himself dates his out-of-door preaching from Monday, April 2, 1739, and gives Bristol as the place.

In that mine of early Methodist history, the *Arminian* and *Methodist* magazines, are many unworked veins which will yet yield golden inspiration to heroic sacrifice and service by Methodists yet to be. In the volume for 1807 is the autobiography of "William Webb, of

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Bristol" (England), who was one of the hearers of Wesley's first out-of-door sermons. Having many times visited the places mentioned, the picture stands before us, and we would like to show it to you. It was in Bristol, Monday, April 2, 1739. At the call of Whitefield, who had been laboring in the city and suburbs since February 14th, and who had a great revival on his hands, Wesley arrived in that city for the first time, not knowing that for nearly forty years it was to become one of his three chief centers. Reaching the city on Saturday night, on Sunday he hears Whitefield preach in the open air, and is shocked at the irregularity. On the evening of the Sunday, Whitefield having gone to his third service, Wesley expounds the Sermon on the Mount to a small society which met in Nicholas Street. The reason for this choice of subject is evident. Whitefield, since February 17th, had taken the fields and skies for his auditorium, "beginning," says Tyerman, "on Kingswood Hill, where Wesley heard him that day." Gloucester people say his first open-air sermon was preached in Brunswick Road, nearly opposite Parliament Street, now

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St. Michael's Square, in that, his native city. They are talking of a statue to be placed on the very spot. This may have been his first open-air sermon in Gloucester; but in his journals he speaks of "having broken the ice" in this matter "upon a mount" at Kingswood.

Wesley, as though convicted under his own sermon on Sunday evening, on Monday, April 2d, thus writes: "At four in the afternoon, I submitted to be more vile, and proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation, speaking from a little eminence in a ground adjoining to the city, to about three thousand people." His text was, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." (Luke iv, 18, 19.)

For many years we tried hard to identify the very spot where Wesley made this new departure. We knew that the "New Square," King's Square, was for many years his favorite Bristol out-of-door auditorium. Did he be-

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gin there? Brandon Hill was suggested. The Baptist Mills Chapel people claimed it was near by, and that its corner-stone is the stone he stood upon. This seemed the most probable, until we found this autobiography of one of his hearers, who says he was present at Whitefield's service the day before, and, "when he had finished, he signified to the congregation that there was one coming after him whose shoe's latchet he was not worthy to unloose. He then published that the Rev. John Wesley would preach the next day at the further end of Philip's Plain." The actual place has since been identified as "a little eminence, or terrace of clay, at the southeast end of St. Philip's Plain." Myles, in his "Chronological History," says it was near the old chapel at Baptist Mills. The two places are not more than a mile apart, and seemed near because of the then open space between them.

Whitefield thus introduced Wesley to his Bristol congregations, where he was to begin his real work among the masses. Neither of them knew that within six weeks the foundation-stone of the first Methodist church in the world would be laid in that city, nor that within

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forty-eight hours of that announcement a stone would be consecrated for building the first Methodist school of history in its suburb of Kingswood.

William Webb went to hear Wesley's first open-air sermon. He was deeply convicted under it. He followed the preacher, who made a visit to a sick person at its close. He waited at the door, "being all the time exceedingly uneasy." Thence he followed him to Mrs. Norman's, where he held a parlor service, at which Whitefield and sister and other ladies were present. Here he felt "what a vile, wicked wretch am I." Later in the evening he followed him and company to a society meeting, which, according to Wesley's Journals, began at seven o'clock that evening in Baldwin Street. Thus, on Monday, April 2, 1739, at 4 P. M., Wesley preached his first out-of-door sermon. At seven the same evening he began to expound the Acts of the Apostles in Baldwin Street, and during the interim of services he made a sick visit, and held a parlor meeting, at all of which William Webb was present. This shows us how abundant were his labors, and also testifies to their suc-

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cess that day; for William Webb's conviction resulted in sound conversion and membership in the Methodist Society for upwards of sixty years. He died, aged ninety-seven years, January 29, 1806, and wrote his "experience" and the account of his memorable service only a few years before his departure for the Church above. His is the only record of this service we have ever found. From April 2, 1739, until October 6, 1790, more than fifty years, Wesley frequently thus preached to multitudes such as no church edifice could hold. His last open-air sermon was preached at Winchelsea, under an ash-tree, known as "Wesley's tree." It was formerly in the churchyard, and was long protected by the vicar of the parish, who prosecuted vandal pilgrims that mutilated it. A local preacher once bearing away a bough in triumph was apprehended, scared, severely threatened, and let go "on condition," etc. But antiquarian thieves are not all English. The gentlemanly "clerk of works" on Wesley's Chapel, City Road, told us of an American who stole a baluster from Wesley's pulpit, and when caught, magnified the crime by saying he bought it of a workman there for a

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shilling. No wonder they closely eye us as they show us these historic spots. Wesley's last open-air sermon is also recorded by a hearer, Robert Miller. His text was a part of Christ's first outdoor sermon, "The kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the gospel." Wesley says of the sermon: "It seemed as if all that heard were, for the present, almost persuaded to be Christians." His hearer says, "The Word was attended with mighty power, and the tears of the people flowed in torrents." Thus the Master blessed the labors of his servant, Wesley, on both these historic occasions. Shall we, his sons in the gospel, see the city crowds surge past our church doors and never enter them, and refuse to carry the gospel to them where they do congregate? A revival of outdoor preaching would help answer, "How to reach the masses."

If we modern Methodist preachers only knew what is in the air!

KINGSWOOD, AND METHODISM'S FIRST SCHOOL

KINGSWOOD is a suburb of Bristol, which is the Mecca of organized Methodism. Here was built the first Methodist school. It was projected in 1739. It was enlarged at various times for three-quarters of a century, until, in 1851, it was vacated by Wesleyans for new and better buildings at Landsdown Hill, near Bath, about twelve miles distant. The buildings were used for a reformatory school for boys, until, in 1895, they were entirely demolished, excepting the chapel, which remains to this day. Every other building is new. We many times visited the spot and explored the old buildings.

This whole region is classic ground in early Methodist history. Here Methodism began its real work among the masses; here were won its earliest triumphs; here were gathered the inspirations for the hand-to-hand conflict with

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evil men, which marked off the movement from all religious agencies then existing.

Methodism was introduced into Kingswood by the Rev. George Whitefield, February 17, 1738. Born in Gloucester, about twenty-five miles distant, and having mother, sisters, and brothers then living in Bristol, he often came thither. Trouble had arisen because of his having preached in what was until recently Canon Farrar's pulpit, St. Margaret's, Westminster, London. He hastened down to Bristol. He was challenged to preach to the "heathen at Kingswood" while pleading for help for the American colonial work in Georgia. He dared to do even this, and set out for what had been the king's woods, and was then the newly-opened coal section of the southwest of England. The colliers were specimens of the very wickedest men of the England of those days. Extreme ignorance and the lowest vices had degraded the people to a state but little above the beasts they employed in their toils. As a specimen, a Kingswood native told us that a collier being asked if he knew about Jesus Christ, replied, using his peculiar brogue, "I never heard of such a fellow; is he a pit-

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man or a top man?" thus supposing it to be a collier he was asked about. In this region are Hannam Mount, and Rose Green, where Whitefield preached his first outdoor sermon to a congregation of two hundred. These two spots were chosen places where he began, and John Wesley continued, those field-preachings which are held by English Methodists to this day. Scarcely a city or large town where we spent a Sabbath was without such outdoor services. History records the Kingswood congregations as rising as high as twenty thousand, just as it does that Whitefield's congregation at the old South Church, in Boston, was six thousand; whereas, to-day, its utmost seating capacity would be but twelve hundred.

Yet certain it is that vast numbers were drawn to these novel services, and to hear these new evangelists. Whitefield toiled in the city of Bristol and its suburbs, especially Kingswood, until, at his request, John Wesley came to Bristol for the first time on March 30, 1739. Often have we pictured him as he was then, thirty-six years of age, coming to that ancient city to take up and carry on the work so well begun by his much loved brother, George

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Whitefield. Certainly he had not the remotest idea that there would really begin his great life work; that there would be demonstrated among the masses at Bristol and Kingswood the power of applied Methodism; that in that old city should be built its first church, and in its suburb should be erected its first school; that its streets and fields should echo with his own voice in open-air within twenty-four hours of his arrival; and that in its suburb, within a few days, should be laid the stone of the first school of Methodism. He simply followed the guiding cloud. The revival at Kingswood led the colliers to entreat Mr. Whitefield to build a school for their children. Thus Methodism wrought at the first salvation from ignorance, as well as from sin. They dined him, and brought him twenty pounds out of their own poverty for a school; and four days later its foundation-stone was laid by Whitefield, on the very day he left the village, which, save for one week in July, he did not again visit for two years. He made John Wesley his successor in this good work. Forty pounds more was all Whitefield collected for this object. The school was opened

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early in 1740. It was very unpretentious, and included "one large room, with four smaller ones for the teachers." Mr. Wesley enlarged on Whitefield's idea by adding teaching for adults mornings and nights, before and after the days of toil in the coal pits.

We find a record of Wesley opening the school June 24, 1748. This must have been after one of the enlargements and alterations, of which there seem to have been many in its early history. Though its location is anything but picturesque, yet its associations are peculiarly interesting. Suddenly turning from a dirty land, you see the high walls which inclose it. Look at it as it was just before being torn down. Entering the great gates at the porter's lodge, the buildings are before you. The boys in corduroy suits throng the open space, for it is the play hour. A hard set of boys they appear. Led by the circuit preacher, we enter the old house where reside the powers that be. We are shown over the house. Mr. Wesley's study, with his own table, was still there, and in use. Scratched upon one of the small window-panes in capitals is "Samuel Smith," the name of one of the early

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masters. Upon another pane, which is carefully covered with woven wire, is the inscription, by J. Wesley, "God is here; 1774."

This pane was very carefully preserved, until a baseball smashed it to pieces. We go up to the large dormitory, still so used, and where so many of the sons of famous early Methodist preachers have slept; thence to the schoolhouse and chapel where is Wesley's pulpit, which is now used at the chapel services. Bishop Warren, who afterwards secured Wesley's table, addressed the boys from it on his visit in 1890. It was in an old room at the end of this chapel where the poor Irish boy, Adam Clarke, was put on his arrival there, and told to anoint himself with what he called "an infernal unguent;" for the cruel wife of the schoolmaster thought he had the itch. It was while digging in the spacious garden he found a half-guinea, with which he bought a Hebrew grammar, which helped make his great commentary possible. This garden has interesting spots. Under a sycamore-tree therein was delivered the first sermon by a Methodist local preacher, John Cennick, whom Wesley had recently met and admired at Reading, and

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was now soon to be made master at Kingswood. Cennick himself tells the story in his autobiography. This first Methodist local preacher and schoolmaster, and author of the hymns, ‘‘Children of the Heavenly King,’’ ‘‘Jesus my all to heaven is gone,’’ ‘‘Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,’’ etc., afterward left the Wesleyan for the Whitefieldian branch of Methodism, and subsequently became a Moravian. For many years the early preachers always preached under one of the sycamore-trees on John Wesley’s birthday. We saw the great mulberry-tree which Wesley probably planted, and which was then laden with fruit; also, the old pear-tree, which he certainly planted, and which even then bore fruit in its old age, notwithstanding it had been struck by lightning and much disfigured.

The Episcopal schoolmaster explained the symbolism of the rent tree thus: ‘‘You see at the roots it is firmly settled and whole; but here, about two feet from the ground, it parts almost in the center, and diverges for quite a length, until the two parts approach each other again, coming nearer and nearer until they unite again, and carry on the work of

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fruit-bearing, just as Mr. Wesley was always rooted in the old Church, diverged for a time, but in later life drew nearer and nearer to the mother Church, in union with which he died. His followers are yet to unite as does the old tree at the top." We could not help admiring his love for his own Zion, and also his ingenuity in regard to ours, together with his generosity when he said we might take not only a few leaves, but even a whole branch of both pear and mulberry trees, if we so desired. As we secured a few small souvenirs, the English circuit-preacher at our side made the usual point about American visitors and their love for curios. Near by is the "Wesley walk," a short terrace, prettily secluded by shrub-trees, where John Wesley loved to walk and meditate. The ruins of an old sundial of his day were lying there. Certainly this is the choicest spot in either of the goodly-sized gardens. What a pity that all these spots have been obliterated, the chapel only still standing!

Notwithstanding Wesley's troubles with masters and boys at Kingswood, at which we do not wonder as we read the policy he dic-

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tated for them, and insisted on having carried out even to the very letter, he yet very much loved old Kingswood. Only eight months before his death he wrote, under date of June 4, 1790: "We reached Newcastle-on-Tyne. In this and Kingswood house, were I to do my own will, I should choose to spend the short remainder of my days. But it can not be; this is not my rest." Thus he loved his Kingswood home.

It seems almost sacrilegious that this, the first of the very many schools and colleges of Methodism, should have passed out of the possession of our people, and be razed to its very foundations. On a previous visit, in 1870, near the school, we met a saintly man of nearly one hundred years of age who had heard Mr. Wesley preach in its chapel. His hand linked us with a past and noble generation.

JOHN WESLEY'S FIRST METHODIST CIRCUIT

Who would not like to walk with us around John Wesley's first Methodist circuit? It was in Bristol that the circuit system began. It still exists in the old city, as it does generally among all the branches of Methodism in England to-day.

At the call of Whitefield, John Wesley arrived in Bristol, Saturday, March 31, 1739. He remained in and around the city until Wednesday, June 13th. Let us follow him during those eventful weeks when the foundations of our great Church were being laid by one who builded much wiser than he knew. Arriving from London on Saturday evening, he met Whitefield at the home of his sister, Mrs. Grevil, the grocer, who lived and kept store in Wine Street, almost opposite the house where Southey, the biographer of Wesley, was born, thirty-five years later. Satur-

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day evening seems to have been spent in talking over the well-begun work, and in rest after the journey from London. On Sunday, Wesley is shocked at the irregularity of Whitefield in preaching out-of-doors. This fact probably had much to do with the subject of Wesley's sermon on the evening of that day, his first in Bristol. It was preached in a religious society room in Nicholas Street; its subject was, "Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount." We searched the old street for this society room, but found the old landmark removed. The sermon certainly did the preacher good; for on the afternoon of the next day the preacher himself, proper Churchman as he was, took to the fields, and from a little eminence near the city preached to about three thousand people, from the text, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me," etc. We heard a clergyman, in gown and bands, preaching in the open air in Bristol one Sunday afternoon. An uncommon sight was this, and doubtless an indirect result of Wesley's visit, seen nearly one hundred and sixty years later.

On the evening of that same day he commenced a series of discourses on the Acts of

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the Apostles, at Baldwin Street. How natural for him to choose such a portion after the new experience of the afternoon! His next appointment on this forming circuit was at the Old Gaol, where, on the third day after his arrival, he began morning services. The chosen theme for the prisoners was, "The Gospel of St. John."

The site of the old prison was easily found by "Newgate," the name of the old prison street, which is now occupied mostly by furniture brokers. Only a few ruins of the old prison remain among the ancient houses thus filled with old furniture and curiosities. The occupants of that old prison then sadly needed the services of the "St. John of England," who brought to them the helpful words of St. John, the apostle of the Lord. He seems to have enjoyed his first out-of-door preaching; for two days after this we find him doing it again at Baptist Mills. We found this place on the other side of the city. For many years it claimed to be the site of his first open-air sermon. The stone on which he stood when preaching in this neighborhood, which he often did afterward, is now the cor-

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ner-stone of the Wesleyan Chapel, in which we had the honor of preaching, and where we found the largest Sunday-school in that large city. His next preaching point was in Castle Street, where a "society" met.

The old castle is gone, but the street remains. We could not certainly decide on the room in which these services were held on the fourth day after his arrival in the city. Here he began expounding the Epistle to the Romans. On Friday evening another new station is reached in Gloucester Lane, where lived some of the rougher elements of the city. Here he began a series of sermons on the First Epistle of John. Thus John's Gospel was chosen for the prisoners, and his Epistle for the rough people of Gloucester Lane. On the last day of that first week, Saturday evening, he is found at Weavers' Hall, where he began the Epistle to the Romans, as he had done at Castle Street on Thursday.

This hall was owned by the Guild of Weavers connected with Temple Church. It stood in Temple Street until as late as 1869, when it was demolished. Weavers' Chapel still stands at the east end of the north aisle of old

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Temple Church, from which Charles Wesley and his colliers were once driven from the sacrament.

John Wesley's first week on this, his first Methodist circuit, was a very busy one. It included eight preaching-places, five of which were religious society rooms, one a common jail, and two out-of-door appointments. It is interesting to note how naturally the subjects chosen grew out of the mind and circumstances of the preacher, and how well they suited the needs of the people, who at these points well represented the different classes of the old city where organized Methodism began, and where its adaptation to the masses was demonstrated first and forever. Of these eight preaching-places, only the two out-of-door ones remain. The old streets have been so altered that, in every case, the buildings have been either altered or torn down. It was a part of God's plan that those scattered religious societies which Wesley first visited should also pass away, and many of their members be gathered into one body, having a common center, and with what they greatly needed, one head and leader, who could teach and

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organize them into a branch of the great Church, whose real beginning occurred in that first week of John Wesley in Bristol.

On the second Sunday in Bristol, Wesley preached in the open air to about one thousand people, at seven o'clock in the morning. He then went off to Kingswood, the celebrated suburb of Bristol, where, on Hannam Mount, he cried, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye here to the waters!" This historic part of the Bristol Circuit we have described. We will now visit the chief center of all Wesley's evangelistic work for many years—the *first Methodist church in the world*.

THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN THE WORLD

THE oldest Methodist church on this continent is the St. George Methodist Episcopal Church, on Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. All earlier ones have been demolished. The first in all the world still stands, and is but very little altered since John Wesley attended his last Conference within its walls in 1790. It is known in earliest Methodist history as the New Room, the Horse-fair Preaching-room, and Broadmead Chapel. It is in the ancient and historic city of Bristol, England. John Wesley arrived there for the first time, March 31, 1739. George Whitefield had sent for him to help in the well-begun revival in the old city. The religious society rooms in Baldwin Street and elsewhere could not hold the gathering crowds. So they both preached out-of-doors. Mr. Wesley's good

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judgment saw that such a work of grace must be organized and have a home; and as Church of England doors were closed to him and his helpers, he said, "We will rise and build." Whitefield probably would never have thought of such a thing. Had Wesley been like him, there would be no Methodist Church to-day. Within six weeks after his arrival the foundation-stone of this old chapel was laid. It was opened for worship when only a mere "shell," June 3, 1739. At first it was entered from the Horse Fair, which adjoins St. James's Churchyard, where lie nearly all of Charles Wesley's children. In 1748 it was enlarged, and a main entrance secured from Broadmead. A stranger passing along the busy street called Broadmead would not notice it, because it is at the end of a long, flagged passage, shut in by high walls, which passage is shut off from the sidewalk by large iron gates. It can not be seen from the "Horse Fair," with which street it is assessed.

We will enter from Broadmead. A narrow, dirty front chapel wall of brick and broken plaster covering the bricks meets the eye as one steps from the sidewalk into the passage.

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A central door is the only entrance. A small door at the side leads up to the classroom and tenements. An old arched window is over the main door, and two small square ones above on either side of it. On entering, we find the central floor filled with high-backed pews, and long forms around the sides under the galleries, which run around three sides of the building and lead down into the high pulpit at the other end. These are said to be the original seats, and we see no reason to doubt it. Certainly the pulpit is Wesley's. It is now much cut with vandal penknives. There is a little desk covered with faded cloth, once green; probably the one Whitefield thought "too finely adorned," and Wesley answered him, "How?" "Why, with a piece of green cloth nailed to the desk, and two sconces for eight candles each in the middle. Now, which of these," asks he, "can be spared?"

In Wesley's day the pulpit was a three-decker. Only one deck still remains; but it is the pulpit proper, where the preacher always stood and preached. The church is lighted by a lantern light in the roof and near the

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pulpit. The roof is held up by four large stone pillars. John Wesley built that house to stay. In the right-hand corner is a small room, lighted from the audience-room by old-fashioned, little window-panes in the partition. The seats in this room are backless. The second Methodist Conference was held in this room, August 1, 1745. The first Methodist class-meeting was organized and met herein. It will hold comfortably about thirty people. This first Bristol Conference was attended by one layman and ten preachers; so they had plenty of room to grow, which they have done. No spot on earth is so full of Methodist interest as is this old church, and especially to American Methodists.

That old clock, hanging between the two pillars, could it but talk, could tell of Wesley's promptness at all services; of the Conference it looked down upon when Wesley and his preachers, in 1745, discussed the episcopal form of government. It could tell of Captain Webb's first cry for help for America, uttered therein at the Conference in 1768, and of the other Conference in 1771, when, in response to the call, "Who will go for us?" one Francis

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Asbury, who was at Conference for the first time, rose and said, "Here am I; send me." We are all, and always shall be, glad he came. It was from that old pulpit John Wesley, in 1740, preached the sermon on "Free Grace" which scared off George Whitefield. From this old sanctuary Lady Huntingdon drew off her feeble Calvinistic forces, because they could not stand before the Arminians. Around that mahogany communion-table the question was decided, Should Methodism have her sacraments, and be a Church, or an annex, or society merely? Those old doors at the entrance were closed during Church of England service hours, until the trustees had for awhile to close them at all hours, because the people went off and built elsewhere, so that they could be independent of the Established Church and its clergy. A history of early Methodism could well be written about this old church as a center.

Herein were gathered the scattered societies of Baldwin and Nicholas Streets, to which Wesley first preached on reaching the city. For several years it was not only the head of the circuit, but of the work in the United

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Kingdom, and for sixty-five years it remained one of the three chief centers of Methodist operations in England.

This old church has for very many years been owned, not by the Wesleyans, but by the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, a feeble folk in Bristol, who still hold services therein. Individual Wesleyans would purchase it were it not held for a fancy price. Our latest experience in this old church we can never forget. It happened on September 18, 1901, the day after the third Ecumenical Methodist Conference adjourned in London. Mass-meetings were held in great cities of England during the remainder of that week. At Bristol, at three o'clock in the afternoon, delegate Bishop Gaines, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, was to preach in the old church. It was filled to hear the colored bishop. An ex-lord mayor of the city, a Methodist, presided. The bishop did not appear, and, without previous notice, we had to ascend that old pulpit and preach to the disappointed people. It fell to us, being the only delegate present. We did the best we could, taking

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for our text, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." (Isa. lxii, 1.) We appreciated the honor, but not the manner in which it was thrust upon us.

TICKINGS OF AN OLD METHODIST CLOCK

Nor to the old eight-day clock, in its upright mahogany case, standing in Wesley's house, City Road, London, and which every Methodist pilgrim to London sees, do we now listen. We take our seat in Methodism's first church, in Bristol, built about forty years before City Road Chapel, in London; and, facing the old clock, which still hangs on the side of the gallery, we ask this venerable time-piece to tell us of past hours, and to testify especially to what it knows would be of interest to an American Methodist. Having examined its claims to antiquity, and questioned its pastor as to its reliability, we found another illustration of our founder's economy, in buying and building for permanence. The church itself was described in the last chapter. All alone in this historic structure, with note-

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book in hand, we listen to its clock's truthful tickings. Having changed its theology to Calvinistic Methodist, it tells of the wonderful sermon preached therein by John Wesley, about a year after the church was opened, on "Free Grace" (Wesley's Sermons, 128). That sermon drove off Whitefield and the other Calvinists, and prepared the way for the battle of the giants in the same house from which Lady Huntingdon drew off her forces in 1771, which was the parting of ways for the two branches of Methodism. Yet, strange to say, in late years the old building, clock and all, became and now is the property of Calvinistic Methodism. That sermon drew fire, as seen by pamphlets it called forth. It was preached within a few feet of the old clock.

Supposing that American Methodists are interested in class-meetings, it points to the little dark room against which we are sitting, saying, "Therein was organized the first Methodist class-meeting, February 15, 1742." It was the debt on this church which called the class-meeting into existence. Who can say that a church debt has never proved a blessing? Faithful attendance at class-meeting

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would still result in the speedy payment of many a Church debt.

Not being inclined to report for the American Methodist class-meeting, we changed the subject to historic Conferences, upon which the old clock had looked down in its youthful days. John Wesley held seventeen of his forty-seven Conferences in this church. The first met at the Foundry, June 25-27, 1744. The second here, August 1-3, 1745. On Saturday, August 3d, this question was raised: "Q. 5. Is episcopal, presbyterian, or independent Church government most agreeable to reason?" The discussion of that question must have been unusually interesting; for John Wesley kept the subject before him a whole year, and at the next yearly Conference, held in this same place, he decided in favor of episcopacy. It was inexpedient then and there to organize the English societies under nominal episcopacy. During his lifetime he was really the *episcopos* of English Methodism, and when God had given him a people in America, he, nearly forty years after his decision of the question, and not in haste or imbecility, ordained a bishop, and by his

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agency organized in America the Methodist Episcopal Church, which stands to-day as the expression of Wesley's ideal form of Church polity, as he understood the New Testament. He made similar provision for English Methodism after his decease, but English Methodists seemed afraid to adopt it, under the shadow of the Church of England. Mather, whom he ordained for England, as he had ordained Coke for America, never entered upon this office, probably for the sake of peace; hence, what might have been since 1791 the "Methodist Episcopal Church of England" has been the "Wesleyan Methodist Society." Not until within a few years have they officially assumed the title of "Church." Those Conferences upon which the old clock looked down in 1745 and 1746, gave us our polity. Who can tell what English Methodism of to-day would be had it only carried out Wesley's plan?

The Conference of 1768 was held here. Strange to say, it also became vitally related to American Methodism. Francis Asbury was "admitted," after being one year on trial, and George Shadford, also to become a pio-

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neer, was "admitted on trial." He came over with Rankin in the second company of missionaries to America. To this Conference came the first call for help in America. It came from Captain Thomas Webb, of Albany Barracks. He wanted help in the well-begun Methodist services in New York City. He is well known in that old meeting-house. Three years before, this one-eyed soldier was led here by Rev. Mr. Roquet, who thought the Methodists under whom Webb had been convicted of sin could do more for him than could the Established Church, of which he was a pastor. This call was not responded to until it was reiterated at Leeds Conference the next year. But Joseph Pilmoor, who was present, pondered it a whole year; then, with Richard Boardman, gave himself to the American work. This old clock of time points to this spot, and not Leeds, as where the first cry for help came. October 14th of this year (1768), Mr. Wesley had a noted visitor, with whom he held private conference on the work in America—Rev. Dr. Wrangle, a Swedish missionary from Philadelphia, then on his way home, where he became a royal chaplain, and

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in 1770 wrote Wesley an interesting letter from Stockholm. He favored the struggling Methodist cause in America, and called to plead with Wesley to send helpers. He preached from the old pulpit to a large congregation, October 18th, after which he soon went his way, to do what was really Methodist work in Sweden. (See his letter in Tyerman's "Wesley," III, p. 66.) Our Swedish Methodists may thus see how their noble countryman helped in Methodist beginnings in America.

Three years later, Conference again met under the old clock. Again the cry for helpers for America rang out; when up arose the young man, Asbury, who had in this very place been admitted in full three years before, and, after having considered the matter for six months, offered and was accepted for the American work. We are glad he came. He found here three hundred and sixteen Methodists. When he was transferred to heaven, in 1816, he left in America two hundred thousand members, also seven hundred itinerant preachers, and his own sainted memory, as a rich treasure in every household in Meth-

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odism's worldwide parish. In 1773, among the worshipers may have been seen Captain Webb and wife, who had come to England to get missionaries. They had with them Thomas Rankin, and George Shadford who was here received on trial in 1768. All were about to depart from Bristol for America. The soldier-preacher had secured them at the London Conference of that year. The old clock pointed to the hour for the beginning of those farewell services. Lest this old time-piece should prove too garrulous for his editorial highness, we confined him to one other event he witnessed.

It was four years later, at the Conference, when he saw enter the building an interesting young Welsh clergyman, an Oxford D. C. L. He had just left a curacy, about fifty-five miles from Bristol, and, having come in contact with Methodism, came to Conference to see for himself. He came, he saw, and was conquered. He left the Conference in company with Mr. Wesley, traveled under him, and joined next year. Seven years later he was ordained the first Methodist bishop, with Whatcoat and Vasey, who had been ordained

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deacons and elders. September 18, 1784, was the date of Wesley's first ordinations. These three left the old meeting-house, and preachers' home therein, for the wharf where lay the Bristol ship bound for New York, where they arrived November 3d. At the ever-memorable Christmas Conference, 1784, was organized the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, whose history is so closely bound up with Methodism's first church, where to-day may be seen, upon the right gallery front, near Wesley's pulpit, the old clock to whose historic tickings we have been for the past few minutes listening.

JOHN WESLEY AND BISHOP BUTLER

THE old Bristol Cathedral is by no means a remarkable one. The parish church of St. Mary Redcliff, in the same city, is its superior in very many respects. In the cathedral choir is the grave of a remarkable man. He is buried near the throne upon which he sat for twelve years as bishop of the Diocese of Bristol. Perhaps we can not better introduce him to you than by reading the inscription on the monument, which was written by Robert Southey, also of Bristol:

“Sacred to the Memory of Joseph Butler,
D. C. L. Twelve Years Bishop of This Dio-
cese, and Afterwards Bishop of Durham,
whose Mortal Part Is Deposited In The Choir
Of This Cathedral. Others Had Established
The Historical and Prophetical Grounds Of
The Christian Religion, and That Sure Testi-
mony Of Its Truth Which Is Found In Its

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Perfect Adaptation To The Heart Of Man. It Was Reserved For Him To Develop Its Analogy To The Constitution and Course Of Nature. And Laying His Strong Foundations In The Depth Of That Great Argument, There To Construct Another And Irrefragable Proof: Thus Rendering Philosophy Subservient To Faith: And Finding In Outward And Visible Things The Type And Evidence Of Those Within The Veil.

“Born A. D. 1692. Died 1752.

‘He Who Believes The Scriptures
To Have Proceeded From Him Who Is The
Author Of Nature, May Well Expect
To Find the Same Sort Of Difficulties
In it As Are ‘Found In The Constitution
Of Nature.’—‘Origen, Philocal.’ p. 23.”

Thus Southey, the poet laureate and biographer of John Wesley, concisely sets forth the literary life of the author of the great “Analogy,” which every Methodist preacher is supposed to have studied. The connection between Wesley and Southey is easily made; that between Butler and Wesley, though not so generally apparent, was closer. These two

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stand out in the history of the Church of England in the eighteenth century as two of her greatest sons. They were very dissimilar, but each mighty in his own sphere. These men once met in the palace, hard by the cathedral. It was in the spring of 1739. Whitefield was in the midst of a great revival in Bristol and Kingswood. The chancellor of the diocese did not enjoy it, and rebuked and threatened him. Bishop Butler treated him more kindly, and later gave him five guineas for his orphanage. Wesley, at the call of Whitefield, arrived in the old city, March 31, 1739. He threw himself into the work, and here began his open-air preaching. His meetings were attended with remarkable mental and physical, as well as spiritual results. The city was wild with excitement.

Wesley's work did not appeal to Bishop Butler. A part of their conversation is preserved. Before quoting it, let us glance at the antecedents of these two really great men and Christians. Butler is forty-seven years old, Wesley is thirty-six. Butler is a great author and a bishop, and has passed the zenith of his powers. His sun went down in great weak-

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ness thirteen years later. Wesley's powers have just begun to wax. More than fifty years of good work yet awaits him. Butler, born in Wantage, Berkshire, where King Alfred first saw the light, had been brought up a Nonconformist. From the Rev. Philip Barton's grammar-school in Wantage he had gone to Mr. Samuel Jones's academy, formerly of Gloucester, then of Tewkesbury. His fellow-pupils in that "noncon" academy included such men as afterward became authors: Dr. Nathaniel Lardner and Samuel Chandler and Dr. Maddox, bishop of Worcester, and Secker, who became archbishop of Canterbury. Butler's aptitude for theology and metaphysics was then very evident. At twenty-one years of age he left Nonconformity, entered the Church of England, and on March 17, 1714, he was admitted to Oxford University. Oriel was his college. Here he found himself in advance of his fellows, and grew restless. Pre-ferment came to him rapidly. He became "preacher at the Rolls Court, London," in 1718; rector of Houghton-le-Spring in 1722; rector of Stanhope in 1725. Here he wrote his Analogy, which was first published in 1736,

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about three years before his meeting with John Wesley as bishop of Bristol, which office he had held about one year, having been promoted to it by George II on the recommendation of his late queen, Caroline, whose chaplain he had been. Wesley had been born in a rectory, trained a true Churchman, educated at the same Oxford, where he was then a "Fellow," but he had recently had a remarkable experience of the saving power of Christ, which had made him the flaming evangelist he then was, and which was the cause of this interview. It closed with:

"Well," said the bishop; "well, sir, since you ask my advice, I will give it freely. You have no business here; therefore I advise you to go hence."

Wesley replied: "My Lord, my business on earth is to do what good I can. Wherever, therefore, I think I can do the most good, there must I stay so long as I think so. At present I think I can do most good here; therefore here I stay."

He did stay in Bristol until he had started his first chapel in the city, and his first school in the suburb of Kingswood, these being the

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first of Methodist history. He made Bristol, with London, his head centers, until he added Newcastle-on-Tyne in the North.

Why Butler should have been so friendly to Whitefield and unfriendly to Wesley we can not tell. His letter to Whitefield is lost, but Whitefield's reply is before us. What a pity that these two truly good and great men should so have misunderstood each other! Wesley afterward read Butler's Analogy, and wrote of it:

"Tues. Feby. 21st 1746.—I read Bishop Butler's 'Discourse on Analogy,' a strong and well-wrote treatise; but, I am afraid, far too deep for their understanding to whom it is primarily addressed."

Twenty-two years later he writes:

"I went on in reading that fine book, Bishop Butler's 'Analogy.' But I doubt it is too hard for most of those for whom it is chiefly intended. Freethinkers, so called, are seldom close thinkers. They will not be at the pains of reading such a book as this. One that would profit them must dilute his sense, or they will neither swallow nor digest it."

Had Wesley read the Analogy before the

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interview with its author, we think his bearing towards him would have been different. Had Butler only realized that Wesley was really a colaborer in the kingdom of truth and righteousness, he would not have forbidden him to labor in his diocese.

Butler, after eleven more years over the See of Bristol, was promoted to Durham. Soon his health failed, and he returned to Clifton, Bristol, thence to Bath, where, on Tuesday, June 16, 1752, he died. When dying, he said to his chaplain:

"Though I have endeavored to avoid sin and to please God to the utmost of my power, yet, from the consciousness of perpetual infirmities, I am still afraid to die."

"My lord," said the chaplain, "you have forgotten that Jesus Christ is a Savior."

"True; but how shall I know that he is a Savior for me?"

"My lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"True," said the bishop; "and I am surprised that, though I have read that Scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue till this moment; and now I die happy."

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Thus, what the eagle eye of reason had failed to discern was revealed by the Spirit to the simple, trusting heart of the great Christian philosopher and bishop, the comfort of the Holy Scriptures in the hour and article of death. For nearly fifty-two years after the interview with Bishop Butler, and for nearly forty years after his death, Wesley went everywhere, preaching the gospel which Butler found so helpful to him in his dying hour.

Wesley was a reasoner of no mean order. He was "moderator of the classes" at Lincoln, which means he presided over the daily "disputations." He published a book on "Logick" for his students at Kingswood. He wrote "An Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion," and "A Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion." These make a book of 239 pages, closely printed. In this he shows himself a master of logic. It is considered by good authorities his ablest literary work. It has been blessed to the conversion of many such people as Bishop Butler wrote to convert; but Wesley invariably commended the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God. He quickened the intellects, and

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stirred the emotions of his hearers very powerfully; but this was his way to their hearts and consciences.

Butler's sermons and Wesley's are radically different, as they ought to be; for each had his own message from the Lord. The special work to which each was called was different. Each filled his own niche in English Church history; each had his place in the great kingdom of God in the earth. Butler did his great work with his pen in his study. His was largely the life of a recluse. Wesley's study was on wheels which were ever moving. Out of it he stepped daily, sometimes thrice, and even five times a day, to exercise his findings by applying them to the listening crowds who waited his coming. Butler was a man of books, Wesley was a man of books and of men. Butler dealt largely with "probable evidences" of Christianity; Wesley was busy securing practical evidences of Christianity, the conversion of sinners. Butler's evidences are good; Wesley's evidences are better and more powerful, though both kinds have their places in the realm of Christian truth.

It must not be overlooked that Butler car-

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ried his probabilities up into "the highest moral certainty;" they "admitted of degrees from the slightest presumption to the highest moral certainty." The analogy and sermons, though not such popular reading as are the sermons of Spurgeon and Talmage, yet each appeals to its own class of mind. In fact, the one often has supplemented the other in the lives of intelligent Christians and thinkers. Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" has been called "Butler's Analogy Down-to-date." In his case the analogist and the evangelist were combined, the scientist, philosopher, and Christian worker among the masses met in the same man. As a close student of both Wesley and Butler has said: "Butler was neither revivalist nor reformer; Wesley was both. Butler influences thought, Wesley conduct. Butler appeals to reason, Wesley appeals to faith. Butler withdrew from men; Wesley was a great leader of men. These two men furnish a striking illustration of the text: 'There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. . . . And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.'"

JOHN WESLEY AND THE BULL- FIGHT

ABOUT six miles from the ancient city of Bristol, England, where John Wesley really began his evangelistic work among the masses, lies the beautiful little Somersetshire village of Pensford. Having from boyhood heard traditions of Mr. Wesley's visits and labors among the plain country folk there, and being in Bristol, which is the fair hunting-ground of Methodist archaeologists, as well as of fossils of other species, we decided to visit the place on a bright July Saturday afternoon, when the sons of toil and trade were out enjoying that blessed English institution, the *Saturday half-holiday*. When shall we have it, so that our young and older people may have a breathing-spell from toil between the Sabbaths? An old Methodist layman, a friend, brought out his "trap"—not a steel one to catch rodents in, but an easy carriage to

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ride over the hilly roads in—and off we set for Pensford, by the very roads traversed by Wesley at the beginning of his labors as a traveling preacher. Beautiful roads, with lovely scenery on every side, no wonder he was so enthusiastic about the place and its people. On reaching Bristol for the first time, March 31, 1739, George Whitefield having sent for him to help in the revival, he began his labors in the old city on the next day, which was Sunday, and on Monday preached out-of-doors for the first time. During the first three weeks of labor in Bristol and Kingswood the fame of these evangelists became noised abroad. Among other invitations from the country around was the repeated one to “come to Pensford.” With his usual courtesy, he wrote the minister of the parish for leave to preach there; but getting no answer, he went on to Pensford without it, and, “in an open place,” he preached unto the people. This was about three weeks before the foundation-stone of the first Methodist church in the world was laid in Bristol. The Pensford people liked this kind of gospel work, and wanted more of it; and even the

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minister consented, and gave Mr. Wesley leave to come again. On May 7th, just as he was setting out for the journey, he received this notice:

“Sir,—Our minister having been informed that you are beside yourself, does not care you should preach in any of his churches.”

“I went, however,” says Wesley, “and on Priestdown, about a half a mile from Pensford, preached Christ, our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.”

Of course, we also went to Priestdown: It was on a later visit the celebrated bull-fight occurred, of which the natives still speak with enthusiasm. Good old Sister Beer, whose ancestors were among the actors, told me the story with true womanly eloquence. We found her reading a life of Wesley when we entered her cottage door. The story is this: At the repeated requests of the “serious people,” Mr. Wesley went there to preach. The chosen place was “a green spot near the town,” now “the common.” The unserious people were on hand in full force. The sons of Belial met with the sons of God as in the olden time. They had been baiting a bull near by. Scarcely

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had the little man taken his stand upon the preacher's table, when the rabble broke in upon the congregation, bull and all. The roughs headed the bull towards the people first, and then towards the table; but the creature seemed kinder and wiser than they, and again and again refused to charge upon the crowd, but ran up and down on either side. The preacher and the service continued, not even a thread of the discourse being broken, until the wretches, exasperated by their failure to break up the meeting, they, by main force, took the bleeding bull, bitten by dogs and beaten by men, and dragged it among the people. They got the creature close up to the table, but it would not go against it; but, as the preacher, who was standing on the table all this time, himself writes of the poor creature, "It stirred no more than a log of wood." He also writes: "I once or twice put aside his head with my hand, that the blood might not drop upon my clothes, intending to go on as soon as the hurry should be a little over. But the table falling down, some of our friends caught me in their arms and carried me right away on their shoulders,

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while the rabble wreaked their vengeance on the table, which they tore bit from bit." He then coolly says, "We went a little way off, where I finished my discourse, without any noise or interruption." The local tradition is that he kindly patted the poor, suffering beast upon the head, and said, "Poor creature!" Such was the stuff of which the little man, our founder, was made. Such experiences from this time onward he and his helpers often met. Of course, a chapel was soon needed and obtained. This must have been one of the very first in Methodism. How sorry we were to learn that only three years before it was sold for about \$250, torn down, and two little cottages built upon the same foundation, and Wesley's pulpit chopped up for firewood. Our sorrow was mitigated by seeing the handsome new stone chapel which has taken its place on the main road near by.

On a later occasion, Mr. Wesley was informed that some neighboring gentlemen had declared they would apprehend the next preacher who came to Pensford. He rode over "to give them the meeting, but none appeared. The house was more than filled with

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deeply attentive hearers." Adjoining Pensford is the beautiful parish church of Publow. Here resided what Mr. Wesley calls "a family indeed. Such mistresses, and such a company of children as, I believe, all England can not parallel!" Again and again he writes of them as being "lovely children." Thus he often referred to the young people of Publow and Pensford; both those of the school there, and those of the families of Scott and Wait, whose homes were open to him at all times. O how he would push Epworth League matters if now among us! This morning's mail *from Epworth* tells me of the formation of an Epworth League there last evening. Hurrah! A League in old Epworth itself! Again shout, Hurrah!

JOHN WESLEY AND THE DUDE

ABOUT twelve miles from the ancient city of Bristol, which is the Mecca of organized Methodism, is the old and aristocratic city of Bath. This city has been for ages noted for its wonderful medicinal waters. Its baths and drinking fountains drew to its borders the rich and gay of all England. No less than fourteen visits have been made there by members of the royal family since 1738. These visits still make Bath a fashionable resort for the "gentry" of England.

Notwithstanding that earth's fountains poured forth their healing waters so freely, there was, in Wesley's day, a crying need for the "water of life" in that gay and wicked city. Wesley's motto was, "Go not only to those who need you, but to those who need you most." Having begun his really Methodist work among the masses in Bristol on April 1, 1739, he soon learned the needs of Bath, and nine days after he—meanwhile hav-

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ing planned and traveled over his first circuit, on April 10th—made the first of the eighty-four visits to Bath which he records in his journals. Having traced his footsteps in Bristol very closely, and pumped dry every Methodist antiquary of the city to whom we could get access, we, too, on a bright September day of 1891, set out for Bath. We found it to be a beautiful city set upon hills, and which could not be hidden from the gaze of the passers by, even though they might be passengers on the “Flying Dutchman,” which does the journey of one hundred and eight miles from London in two and a half hours.

We were interested in the very ancient Roman baths, which stand next only to those of Caracalla, at Rome, in points of antiquarian interest; especially those portions discovered since 1880. The ancient abbey, with its Jacob’s ladder on each side of the front entrance, and especially the broken angels ascending and descending, arrested our attention. In their dilapidation, the angels look more like creeping things of earth than the flying angels of heaven. The magnificent in-

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terior of the abbey, with its tablet-covered walls and costly graves bearing historic names, made us feel we were in no mean city. One grave, and one bust very near it, formed in our thought the connecting link between John Wesley and Bath. It was the bust and grave of "Beau Nash," the Bath dude of that period. We went direct from the abbey to the "grand pumproom" close by, where, with a glass of the hot mineral water before us, we sat down to think of some scenes enacted on and near that very spot in the days of earliest Methodism. Looking around the walls of the pump-room, we saw another bust of Nash, placed there as a tribute of respect for the great things he had done for the city. We learned that very much of the present grandeur of Bath is due to his efforts. He was a Welshman from Swansea, an adventurer who came to Bath in 1704, he then being about thirty years of age, "with a handsome face, plenty of assurance, polite manners, and a certain smartness in conversation." He was just the man needed to improve the city and provide suitable entertainment for the wealthy visitors who were then beginning to flock there. He

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was soon chosen "master of the ceremonies." He changed the low sports of the city for more genteel ones. He discouraged cock-fighting and dueling, and encouraged gambling, at which he was himself an adept. His rules for amusements were unalterable, even for royalty. The civic authorities were moved by him to lay out walks for the people. "Assembly-rooms" were built, and, above all, the "grand pumproom," on the very site of the spacious hall of that name wherein we sat, sipping our water, and recalled a scene enacted there at the very beginnings of Methodism. It is June 6, 1739, and Wesley's twelfth visit to Bath. Methodism had so struck the city during the less than two months since Wesley first entered it that persecutions had arisen, and faint-hearted Mr. Merchant had declined to let its founder preach again on his grounds, because his neighbors persecuted him therefor. Wesley was warned and entreated not to preach in Bath again, because of what a "noted man"—the Beau—would do to him there. Of course, he went, and the rumor gave him a larger audience, among whom were many of the rich and great.

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Listen, as he himself describes the scene: "I told them plainly the Scripture had concluded them all under sin—high and low, rich and poor, one with another. Many of them seemed to be a little surprised, and were sinking apace into seriousness, when their champion appeared, and, coming close to me, asked by what authority I did these things. I replied, 'By the authority of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the (now) archbishop of Canterbury when he laid his hands upon me, and said, Take thou authority to preach the gospel.' He said, 'This is contrary to act of parliament; this is a conventicle.' I answered, 'Sir, the conventicles mentioned in that act (as the preamble shows) are seditious meetings; but this is not such; here is no shadow of sedition; therefore it is not contrary to that act.' He replied, 'I say it is; and besides, your preaching frightens people out of their wits.' 'Sir, did you ever hear me preach?' 'No.' 'How, then, can you judge of what you never heard?' 'Sir, by common report.' 'Common report is not enough. Give me leave, sir, to ask, Is not your name Nash?' 'My name is Nash.' 'Sir, I dare not judge

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of you by common report. I think it not enough to judge by.' Here he paused awhile, and, having recovered himself, said, 'I desire to know what this people came here for?' On which, one replied: 'Sir, leave him to me; let an old woman answer him. You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body; we take care of our souls; and for the food of our souls we come here.' He replied not a word, but walked away."

Thus John Wesley himself describes the Bath dude and his vanquishment by the aid of an old woman. No wonder the street was full of people when he went out from the scene, and that several ladies followed him to the house, and would not let him rest until he came out, smiled upon them, gave them a few kindly words, and then retired. What could early Methodism have done without the noble women?

We also visited Lady Huntingdon's Bath church. It is a gem. We climbed the hill, and inspected the magnificent new Kingswood School, where are 234 sons of Methodist preachers; but of these and other Bath events we can not now speak particularly.

THE BRIDAL HOME OF CHARLES WESLEY DISCOVERED

CHARLES WESLEY'S marriage to Sarah Gwynne, of Garth, South Wales, was a most felicitous union. The saying, "Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on" was true in this instance. "The wedding was blessed with perfect weather. Not a cloud was to be seen from morning till night. The bridegroom rose at four, and spent three hours and a half in prayer or singing with his brother, his bride, and Miss Becky. Then came the great event. 'At eight I led my Sally to Church.' Only about six people were present, besides the family. The bride and bridegroom smiled as they crossed the threshold at the prophecy of a jealous friend, 'that if we were even at the church door to be married, she was sure, by revelation, that we would get no farther.' 'My brother joined our hands—it was a most

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solemn season of love! Never had I more of the Divine presence at the sacrament.' After a hymn had been sung, John Wesley prayed over the married pair in strong faith. The groom says. 'We walked back to the house and joined again in prayer. Prayer and thanksgiving was our whole employment. We were cheerful without mirth; serious without sadness. My brother seemed the happiest person among us.' "

In less than two years, Charles married this happy brother, John; but Charles felt far from being happy on the occasion. Thirty unhappy years was the result of John's unfortunate marriage; nearly thirty-nine blissful years the result of Charles's wedding. Charles was in his forty-second year; the bride in her twenty-third. The wedding took place on Saturday, April 8, 1749. After ten days' ministry in and near Garth he again itinerates. His wife, her sister, Miss Betsy, and their father go with him as far as Abergavenny, where he says, "I cheerfully left my partner for the Lord's work."

Forty-nine days after the wedding he found a home for his bride at Bristol, then, with

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London, the head center of the Methodist movement. The identification of this house at Bristol was a mystery to historians for nearly a century. It has recently been identified, after very much painstaking research by some Wesleyan ministers of that city. He says that, on May 27th, he hired a small house in Stoke's Croft, next door to Mrs. Vigor's, "such a one as suited a stranger and pilgrim upon earth." Its rent was only eleven pounds a year. He took possession of his "convent," as he calls it, with his wife, on September 1, 1749. Here they lived in the sweetest conjugal love until July, 1771, when they moved to London. But which house in Stoke's Croft? Many times have we searched the street of that name, many inquiries have we made of old residents and through the Bristol newspapers. Near by we found a family named Vigor. Our imagination fixed on one of a series of low houses, near the top of the croft, which once had a garden; but no clue could we obtain from the oldest inhabitant or any one else. We noticed that later letters of Charles Wesley were headed Charles Street; therefore, Charles Street, which is near Stoke's

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Croft, we searched, but in vain; but local antiquaries prolonged the search until the house has been found. It is on Charles Street, one of two houses recessed from the others, and still in good preservation. In one lived Mrs. Vigor; to the other Charles Wesley brought his bride on September 1, 1749. Strangely interesting it was to us on learning that our own paternal grandparents set up housekeeping nearly opposite the Wesley house, about one generation after Charles Wesley moved his family to London.

The neighborhood has greatly degenerated since those days; but the Wesley bridal home is of peculiar interest to all Methodists. It will be one of the Methodist shrines, to which American Methodist pilgrims will go in years to come. Charles Wesley now had a wife and a house, but he lacked proper furniture. To secure this he plied his busy pen. He at once issued "Hymns and Sacred Poems, in two Volumes, by Charles Wesley, M. A., Late Student of Christ Church, Oxford," from a copy of which we have just taken this title. It was published by subscription. The price, "in quires," was five shillings, of which half

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was to be paid on subscribing. Eleven hundred and forty-five copies were subscribed for, and the furniture needed was secured. Seventeen volumes of hymns, varying in size from small pamphlet to the first Charles Street work of two volumes, were issued by the Wesleys during the residence of Charles in this house. The first American Methodist hymn-book, "Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Intended for the Use of Real Christians of all Denominations (Col. iii, 9-11)," which also became Part I in the second American Methodist hymn-book, both of which were pre-Methodist Episcopal, was issued during the fifth year of residence in this home—1753 being the date of the first edition. "The Fourteenth Edition, Bristol, Pine, 1768," was reprinted for our first book, and the "Sixteenth Edition, Pine, 1772," was reprinted as Part I of our second American Methodist hymn-book. Copies of these originals are before us as we write. The only two tune-books issued by the Wesleys came out during the Bristol residence of Charles Wesley. Here, then, at this old house, we find the head stream of American Methodist song. We wish our hymn-book com-

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missions could each visit this Wesley house, which we revisited during the third Ecumenical Conference, in September, 1901. Though the poet of Methodism had left the house one hundred and thirty years before that date, and though about the last thing it would now suggest would be sacred poetry, yet to us it seemed very sacred still. Before that door Lady Huntingdon's carriage had often stood, while her ladyship was visiting with the Wesley family. Many other carriage-people were visitors there, as well as the poor and pious. The first Methodist chapel of history, built in 1739 and still in use, is only five minutes' walk from this house. There were John Wesley's headquarters and the preachers' home. There Charles was, as it were, "preacher in charge," though often off itinerating. Midway between the house and the Methodist chapel is the parish church of St. James, to which Charles Wesley and family went to worship, inasmuch as Methodist meetings were never then held during hours of service at Church.

All of Charles Wesley's eight children were born in this house. Five died here in infancy.

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These five had been put out to nurse. The three nursed at home survived, says his son, Samuel, who was three and a half years old when the family moved to London in 1771. Death entered this home five times during the poet's residence there. The funeral processions from that door had not far to go to reach St. James Churchyard, where, underneath the "Wesley tree," a large, wide-spreading weeping witch elm, still standing, they were buried. The entry of each death and burial still may be seen upon the records of the parish church. The churchyard has recently been converted into a public park. Many of the tombstones are removed. The Wesley tombstone is now placed, with others, just inside the main entrance nearest the Charles Street house. It reads:

"Sacred to the memory of John, Susannah, Martha, and John James, infant children of the late Rev. Charles Wesley, M. A., of Christ's College, Oxford, and of Sarah, his wife; and also of their daughter, Sarah Wesley, who departed this life on the 19th September, 1828, aged 68 years.

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“Hosannah to Jesus on high,
Another has entered her rest,
Another is ‘scaped to the sky
And lodged in Immanuel’s breast.
The soul of our sister is gone
To heighten the triumph above,
Exalted to Jesus’ throne
And clasped in the arms of his love.”

The date of Sarah’s death is fifty-seven years later than that of the removal of the family to London. She died while on a visit to friends on Paul’s Street, Kingsdown, Bristol. The rector himself buried her, and made the entry, as though he regarded her as a very special person. Doubtless he—Rev. Thomas T. Biddulph—sympathized with the Methodist movement. His volume of sermons on the Holy Spirit shows him to have been a spiritually-minded man and preacher.

It is very remarkable that the recently-discovered house in which John Wesley ordained Bishop Coke and Elders Whatcoat and Vasey for the American work almost adjoins the Charles Wesley house in the rear. Surely old Bristol is the richest of all mines for Methodist antiquarian research.

THE EVOLUTION OF METHODISM'S FIRST BISHOP—I

EVER since our eyes were opened to behold the wondrous things in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church we have earnestly desired to visit the birthplace, and to walk in the earliest footsteps of its first bishop. In view of his near departure, John Wesley ordained Alexander Mather to the same office, in the English Methodist Church, that he had before given to Dr. Coke for the American; yet, strange as it may appear, the episcopal polity was never adopted by Wesley's English successors. Did they "cower under the ancient shadow" which was over them in England? Most certainly John Wesley regarded the episcopal polity as being the nearest to the New Testament idea, and nearly forty years after his decision of this question, he ordained the Rev. Thomas Coke, D. C. L., to

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the office of superintendent, or bishop, and commissioned him to organize the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. In the footsteps of this great and good man we are now walking.

We first visited the beautiful little South Welsh town of Brecon, in Brecknockshire, where he was born, September 9, 1747, and where he resided until he went forth to a curacy in 1770. We found Brecon to be about one hundred and sixty-three miles west of London, and thirty-four miles northwest of Monmouth. We reached it by turning aside from the beaten track of tourist travel at Hereford. Having there booked to Brecon, about thirty-seven and a half miles distant, we experienced a strange delight as we rode through the almost enchanting scenery in the valley of the Usk, with its most fertile fields and towering Welsh mountains on either side, knowing that we should soon enter the historic little town, of which it is now said, "Bishop Coke was born there."

On our way thither we plied the Breconians, in the same car, with questions about the place and the man, and from Wesleyans who hap-

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pened to be therein we learned some things about both it and him. On reaching the "station," we first looked down upon the pretty Welsh town lying below us, and then sought the Wesleyan minister, who very kindly put himself at our service, and also all he knew of the object of our search.

We could find no member of the Coke family in the neighborhood. The bishop seems to have been the last who represented that honorable Welsh name. We inquired for the old "Coke estate," expecting, from what we had read, to find houses and lands which once bore the name of the family of him whose fortune is usually spoken of as having been great. We were shown the store, which was once the "apothecary's shop" of Bartholomew Coke, who was also a successful medical practitioner; for it was said of him:

"He knew the cause of every malady
Were it of cold or hot, or moist or dry."

In this house, which has been but recently remodeled, our first bishop was born. Herein he lived until he reached his twenty-fourth year—Oxford term times only excepted. Here

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the little "dark-haired child, low in stature, but bright and beautiful in aspect," received the fondest care of his aged parents; for he was their "Benjamin," and gladdened their declining days. His loving mother—formerly Anne Phillips, of Trosdre, in the same county—was a true helpmeet to her husband. They both heartily consecrated this their third but only living child to God and his service. We went from the house to the old Priory Church, and stood at the font where, on October 5, 1747, these godly parents presented their child, when only twenty-six days old, as an offering to the Lord, and then went home to fulfill all the promises they had there made to train him up.

We walked the streets of the old town, whose sidewalks seemed to be the same that his boyish feet had pressed. We looked up at the cloud-capped mountains, "The Beacons," and down upon the beautiful Trwydgrech Waterfall, which were familiar to him. We walked along the banks of the rivers Usk and Honder, into whose rippling waters he had often looked. We walked around the picturesque burial-ground of the old Priory

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Church, and through its spacious nave, aisles, and transept; every pillar which holds up the groined roof must have been familiar to the boy, Thomas Coke, who was yet to bring so much honor to his native town. Who can tell how much such beautiful surroundings had to do with the formation of his character? Of course, we must visit the College of the Church of Christ, of which Mr. Griffiths was master in those days, and whom Thomas Coke always revered. The new buildings are now called Christ's College. Here he fitted for Oxford, and, at fifteen years of age, he one day, amid the anxious solicitations of his loving father and mother and many friends, set out for Jesus College, Oxford.

Before following him to Oxford, we learned, and will speak, of other Brecon preachers who were vitally related to American Methodism. We found that this little town and its county claims the honor of having given to universal Methodism its first itinerant preacher, first martyr, first college, and its first and greatest Welsh hymnist. The county also gave Charles Wesley his wife. Bartholomew Coke was the physician of her father's family at Garth.

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Joseph Pilmoor, one of the first two missionaries to America, traveled the circuit in 1767-8, when it was called the Wales Circuit. During his second year here he pondered the question of going to America, and, going up to Conference from this place in 1769, he offered and was accepted. Thus he left Brecon for America.

We also find the tracks of a second Methodist bishop in Brecon. In 1774, when Pilmoor became disaffected and left us, Brecon Methodism was under the fires of persecution from the grand jury of the county. To stem the tide at Brecon, a young man named Richard Whatcoat was sent to the circuit. Here he needed "his wits about him, and the Lord about his wits." He proved equal to the occasion. Doubtless his Brecon experiences helped fit him for his mission, when, just ten years later, he became the first Methodist elder, and the companion of the Breconian, Dr. Thomas Coke, who was not then, in 1774, a Methodist, and together with Thomas Vasey, he was sent to help organize the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Sixteen years later the Brecon preacher, Richard Whatcoat, was, in prefer-

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ence to Jesse Lee, elected and ordained our third bishop, the colleague of Coke and Asbury. Thus two Brecon preachers became our bishops, and one our first missionary. Thus this little town touched our great Nation and Church. We followed Thomas Coke to Oxford and beyond, and will take you with us in our next.

THE EVOLUTION OF METHODISM'S FIRST BISHOP—II

IMAGINE Thomas Coke, of Brecon, just setting out for Oxford. Jesus College was the one chosen for his training. This college, having been founded by Hugh Price, LL. D., of Brecknockshire, and especially for Welshmen, it naturally would be the choice of Bartholomew Coke for his son.

We also went to Jesus College, Oxford, to trace his steps. It is on Turl Street, near Broad Street. Passing through the front entrance, which was rebuilt in 1856, we soon found a guide, who led us into the two pretty quadrangles, which met the gaze of the Welsh boy and his father in 1763. We found it to be a distinctively Welsh college. The chapel services are still conducted in that tongue, as well as in English. Herein the boy Thomas worshiped at first, and later doubted. We were shown over the spacious and lofty hall, with

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its portrait-covered walls. We inquired for that of Bishop Coke. To our surprise, to put it mildly, we found that whilst the names of the more than twenty English Church bishops who went forth from its halls are well remembered, even the name of our Bishop Coke was unknown to our guide, who had spent a good part of his life there, but had never heard him mentioned. A good Life of Bishop Thomas Coke is needed in that college library. His name should be at once enrolled beneath those of Sir Thomas Herbert, John Davies, Rees Pritchard, Archbishop Usher, and other eminent men of this college.

We followed him as, on February 4, 1768, the young B. A. left these classic shades for Brecon. An intimate acquaintance of his describes him as being, like Zaccheus, little of stature, five feet one inch in height, with short neck, strong, stout, vigorous, with handsome, open countenance, fair and ruddy cheeks, dark eyes, and black hair. He is now nearly of age. The homes of Brecon's best families are open to the Oxford graduate. Soon after reaching his majority, his townsmen honor him by choosing him to be their chief magistrate.

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Three years he thus spends in his native town, whose books still show records of his public and magisterial acts.

But God had greater work for him to do. His great heart began to beat for that work, so that he could not wait for political patronage, but in 1770 he found an opening for a curacy in Road, a few miles from Bath and Bristol, and went back to Oxford for ordination as deacon, and for title to a curacy. Securing these he, three days after, took his M. A. degree, and labored as deacon until he received priest's orders, at Abergoville, August 23, 1772. Three years later he took his final degree of D. C. L.

Leaving his first curacy at Road, we followed him to his second and final Church of England charge, the curacy of South Pether-ton, in Somersetshire. How often had we wished to see the place, the pulpit from which the young man, whose heart God and Methodism had touched, preached such fervent gospel sermons as awakened those lethargic villagers of that quaint place! We also wanted to see those church-bells, whose dissonant sounds, at the word of his enemies, who could

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not understand him, rung him out of Church, after, to his surprise, his dismissal had been publicly read.

Instead of a little church, we found a large and beautiful old structure, with nearly all the appointments of papal times—such as holy-water bowls at entrances, etc.—still remaining; but, of course, now unused. We concluded that the church would accommodate at least one thousand worshipers, notwithstanding the gallery—which Dr. Coke had built at his own expense because the vestrymen would not do it—had been removed, it not now being needed. We entered the belfry, and looked at the old bells, and forgave them, because they took back all they said that day, and declared it to the people by sweetly chiming him into town on later visits. We found the doctor's name there held in great honor to-day by all the people. We were taken over the beautiful Wesleyan Dr. Coke Memorial Church and Manse, which does credit to the man and our cause in the town. We concluded that this journey of fifty-four miles, from Bristol *via* Martock, well paid us in inspiration for better work in the future. Somersetshire is a most beau-

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tiful as well as historic English county, which lies outside of the "beaten track" of ordinary American tourists.

We next followed the young curate to Bristol, where, in 1777, he first saw a Methodist Conference. We stood in the old chapel, Wesley's first, and pictured him entering the doors, and for the first time seeing the men with whom his future life was to be spent. Here he first met the saintly Fletcher, and thanked him for his works, which he had just been reading to his soul's profit. He did not join Conference that year, but took work under John Wesley's eldership, who left him to work out his own conclusions as to his future course. This he soon did, and, next year, 1778, he formally joined Conference, and was stationed at the Foundry, in London.

Now his great career really began. He is now in his thirty-first year, and henceforth becomes the right-hand supporter of Mr. Wesley. He is young, scholarly, rich, having a fortune of about £3,000—\$15,000—and, best of all, is "rich toward God." Henceforth he spent his life in enriching others, even as did Christ, his Master. His fortune was later augmented

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by that of Miss Smith, whom he first met in Bristol and who became his first wife, and also by that of his second wife, Miss Loxdale, both of whom, with him, made a purse-and-all consecration to the Lord and his service.

We were most interested in tracing him to Bristol, in 1784, when, by appointment, he there met Mr. Wesley for ordination as bishop, and also to receive his commission to organize the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Both of these were received at a place not many minutes' walk from the house at which we stopped. In the Mission House, at London, we saw the original commission given him, in John Wesley's own handwriting; also certificates of ordination, written and signed by Bishop Coke, for English missionaries, whom he had himself ordained. We learned that ever since his days English Methodist missionaries only receive certificates of ordination. The home preachers receive no such documents. Concerning his work in America, and nearly all over the world, and his wonderful end, we will not now write; but, returning for a while to Brecon, we find the Wesleyan Chapel on Lion Street. The Dr. Coke Me-

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morial Schools are burned down. The old chapel remains. It is unworthy the place of Bishop Coke's birth. Over the pulpit are three large tablets, one to the memory of the bishop in the middle, and on either side one to each of his devoted wives, near whom he desired to be buried; but God had a larger grave for him, even the whole Indian Ocean, into which his body was committed, May 3, 1814, and whose waves now momentarily chant his requiem.

By a fortunate providence the mural tablets were obtained from the Priory Church, together with one to the bishop's father, only a few years ago, and placed in the Methodist chapel. A facsimile has since been secured, and placed in the Old Priory Church, where the Coke family worshiped, in that beautiful little South Welsh town of Brecon, which American Methodist tourists would do wisely to include in their itineraries.

BISHOP COKE—AN IMPORTANT CORRECTION—A SMALL COL- LECTION

BISHOP THOMAS COKE, D. C. L., the first Protestant bishop in America, excepting a few visiting Moravians who had preceded him, organized the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. This was done at the famous Christmas Conference of 1784, in Baltimore. His authority came from John Wesley, the planter, under God, of the great Methodist vine, whose branches are running all over the earth. He was ordained superintendent, as the Wesley Prayer-book, called "The Sunday Service of the Methodists, With Other Occasional Services," first printed in England, calls it, but bishop, as the American Conference subsequently called the office. They preferred the Scriptural to the Wesleyan title. But where did this ordaining act take place? In Bristol, England, on September 2,

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1784. Yes; but whereabouts in Bristol? Until recently we all have said, in John Wesley's room, at his very first chapel, which may still be entered either from Broadmead or the Horse Fair, the foundation-stone of which was laid on May 12, 1739.

We have several times stood bareheaded in that little room, and pictured the scene, the opening act of the great sacred drama of American Episcopal Methodism. All the histories either said or implied that this was the very spot. This pen has many times said so. It had good reason to say so; for back of the histories, did not Dr. Coke himself write from London suggesting that it should be done "in your chamber in Mr. C——n's house?" Where was John Wesley's chamber but in the old chapel house? Was not the Rev. James Creighton a Methodist preacher as well as a clergyman of the Church of Ireland? Was not the chapel tenement the temporary home of all the Methodist preachers in Bristol? Did not Mr. Creighton usually stay longer than any other preacher, because he could administer the sacraments? Therefore, how reasonable to conclude that Mr. Creighton's house

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in Bristol would be the old stand. But, alas, the higher critics have been at work upon Methodist history also. In this instance they have not spoiled some of our sermons, but some of our articles and histories.

It is proved beyond a doubt that Mr. Creighton's home at that time was in London. He was then stationed at City Road Chapel, and Coke had to bring him down to Bristol with him to help in the ordination. It is also certain that John Wesley, in the August of 1783, thirteen months before the ordination, had removed from the old chapel tenement to the house of John Castleman ("C——n"), surgeon, which is still standing as No. 6 Dighton Street, King's Square. In September, 1901, we visited this correct spot, and then and there took back all we had said about Broadmead room being the place. In this house certainly were ordained Dr. Thomas Coke as superintendent, and Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey, first as deacons, and then as elders, for America. Out of that front door they went with authority, and here began the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. Standing at that front door, we looked

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at the houses directly opposite from where we stood, and saw the residence of William Pine, Wesley's celebrated printer. Looking diagonally across the small inclosed park in the middle of the square, we saw the house in which Adam Clarke and other early preachers lived. Close to it is the stone platform, now having a brick wall on top of it, on which Wesley stood so many times and preached to the people who filled in the large open space called Carolina Row. Mr. "C——n" (Castleman) was a surgeon at the infirmary near by. He lived in this house from 1771 until his death, in 1801. His widow lived here until 1822. Wesley greatly admired Mrs. Castleman. He knew her as a girl in Kingswood. He said Castleman did well when he chose "Miss Letitia Fisher, of this city." On writing to his friend, Miss Bishop, who had opened a school at Keynsham, four miles from Bristol, he referred to Mrs. Castleman thus: "Good breeding I love; but how difficult it is to keep clear of affectation and of something which does not even agree with that mind which was in Christ! I want your children to be trained up as Miss Bosanquet's were. Although they

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were very genteel, yet there was something in their whole manner which told you that they belonged to another world. Mrs. Castleman is one of Molly Maddern's scholars. You see, she is genteel, yet she is a Christian."

In 1782, Mr. Castleman was dangerously ill. John Wesley visited and helped him. This was in March. In August, 1783, Wesley was taken seriously ill at his room in the Horse Fair. He tried his own "primitive physic" until he made himself blind, deaf, and helpless with an overdose of opium. He was removed to his friend Castleman's home, where his doctor friend prescribed for him, and Mrs. Castleman nursed him back to health again. Hereafter this was his home in Bristol. In his room in this house, about thirteen months later, occurred the historic ordinations. Henceforth let no American Methodist go to Bristol unless he agrees to visit the house, with three bay windows, still known as No. 6 Dighton Street, King's Square. No destructive critic, in the face of old Bristol directories and local references recently unearthed by a Methodist preacher named H. J. Foster, will ever dare to change this historic spot in Methodist Epis-

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copal history. Three minutes' walk would take us to another exact location recently unearthed; but we are now writing of Coke, not of Charles Wesley, and have already described it.

As we stood at this historic dwelling, now being used for business purposes, we remembered the delightful visit to lovely Brecon, where Coke was born; to the old church where he was baptized; to Jesus College, Oxford, where he was educated; to old South Petherton parish church, where he was curate when he was reached by the Methodists and received his baptism of the Holy Spirit, and of the Methodist spirit also. We thought of his first sight of a Methodist Conference, which he had at old Broadmead Chapel, only six minutes' walk from where he was ordained bishop eleven years later. We also thought of his first journey to America to organize our Church in 1784, his later visits, and especially of his visit to the city of Boston in 1804. On his way to Boston from New York he tarried a week at Providence, R. I. Arrangements had been made for his entertainment at the palatial residence of John Enos Clark, Esq., a wealthy citizen of Providence, whose carriage awaited

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his arrival. When he landed, he asked the dignitaries who met him if there were any Methodists in town. They knew of none. Mr. Shubal Cady, a class-leader, standing by, stepped up and said, "There is a small class." "Where do the Methodist preachers stop when they come to town?" asked Coke. At Mr. Turpin's the Quaker, he was told. Mr. Turpin, being present, took him home with him, all riding in Mr. Clark's (his would-be host) carriage. There he stopped for the week. He insisted on preaching, first of all, at the Methodist meeting-place, the Town House. He afterward gladly preached in the churches as invited. He showed himself a loyal Methodist on this occasion, as on so many others.

After your patience in wading through the details of this correction as to the place of his ordination, it is but fair that I should show you my small collection of the writings of this really good and great little man. Here are two copies of "The Substance of a Sermon on the Godhead of Christ, preached at Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, on the 26th day of December, 1784, before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church,

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by Thomas Coke, LL. D., superintendent of the said Church. Published at the desire of the Conference. London: Printed by J. Paramore, for T. Scollick, Bookseller, City Road, and sold by all other booksellers in town and country. 1785."

"The Substance||of a||Sermon,||Preached at Baltimore,||In the State of Maryland,||Before the||General Conference||of the||Methodist Episcopal Church,||on the 27th of December, 1784,||at the||Ordination||of the||Rev. Francis Asbury,||To the Office of a||Superintendent.||By Thomas Coke, LL. D.||Superintendent of the said Church.||Published at the Desire of the Conference.||London: Printed by J. Paramore,||For T. Scollick, Bookseller, in the City Road, and sold by all||other Booksellers in Town and Country, 1785."

Alongside these ancient and historic sermons stand *original* copies of the first and fifth Disciplines. The First: "Minutes||Of Several Conversations||Between||The Rev. Thomas Coke, LL. D.||The Rev. Francis Asbury||And Others,||At a Conference, Begun||In Baltimore In the State of Maryland,||On Monday, the 27th, Of December,||In the Year 1784.||

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Composing A Form Of Discipline||For the Ministers, Preachers And||Other Members of the Methodist||Episcopal Church In||America. ||Philadelphia:||Printed by Charles Cist, in Arch||Street, the Corner of Fourth—Street.||M,DCC,LXXXV.”

The fifth, “A Form of Discipline for the Ministers, Preachers, and Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, considered and approved at a Conference held at Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, on Monday, the 27th of December, 1784, in which Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury presided. Arranged under proper heads, and methodized in a more acceptable and easy manner, with some other useful pieces annexed. The fifth edition. New York. Printed by William Ross, in Broad Street. M. DCC. LXXXIX.”

The “useful pieces annexed” are: “The Scripture Doctrine of Predestination, Election, and Reprobation. By the Rev. John Wesley, M. A., late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.” This is followed by “A Plain Account of Christian Perfection,” etc., which, with “The Articles of Religion,” etc., which precedes it, adds one hundred and thirty-one

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pages to the fifty-five pages of this also rare copy of the Discipline. We lay these down with a sigh of relief that we have long ago given up the attempt to collect a perfect set of the many copies of our Discipline.

"Extracts of the Journals of the Rev. Dr. Coke's Five Visits to America," London, 1793, 195 pages, stands next on our Coke shelf, with "Coke on Europe," "Coke's Letters," "Four Discourses on the Duties of the Gospel Ministry," 1798; "Funeral Sermon on the Death of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers," 1795; "The Substance of a Sermon Preached in Baltimore and Philadelphia, on the 1st and 8th of May, 1791, on the Death of the Rev. John Wesley," London, 1791.

These are some of the rarest of my collection of Cokeiana, excepting a beautiful copy of the first edition of "A Commentary on the Holy Bible. By Thomas Coke, LL. D., of the University of Oxford. London. Printed for the author, and sold by G. Whitfield, City Road. 1801." The six quarto volumes on my shelves stand next to a copy of John Wesley's "Commentary on the Old Testament," neither of which works can be called

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a success, though both represent much painstaking toil of two of the three most honored fathers of the Methodist Church, Francis Asbury, the John Wesley of America, being the third in this trinity of Methodist pioneers and founders.

HISTORIC ORDINATIONS BY JOHN WESLEY

NO SERVICES in connection with our Annual and General Conferences are so solemnly important as the ordination of Methodist preachers to the orders of deacon and elder, and to the sacred office of bishop. Just three miles from our study window is the old Central Burying-ground in Boston. It is at the south end of Boston Common. The roar of traffic along Tremont and Boylston Streets is daily heard around this quiet resting-place. The picks and spades of the excavators of the new subway touched its very edge. That cemetery, which we have just returned from exploring, is historically connected with John Wesley's first acts of ordination. There lies the dust of Mrs. Maria (Creighton) Odiorne, an early English Methodist, who became the wife of a very prominent Boston merchant who was one of the fourteen original founders of the historic Park Street Congregational Church, at the other end of Boston Common. Mrs.

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Odiorne's father, Rev. James Creighton, B. A., was one of the clergymen of the Church of Ireland who cast in his lot with John Wesley and his lay helpers. He assisted him in his first ordination services, which were done, not for English but for American Methodism. It is very probable that Methodist ordinations would never have been given but for American Methodism and its peculiar needs. None of the earliest pioneers who founded Methodism in America were ordained ministers; not even those sent out by Wesley himself. Boardman and Pilmoor, who came to these shores in 1769; Asbury and Wright, in 1771; with Rankin and Shadford, in 1773, all were lay preachers. All Methodist preachers in England, save the few clergy of the Church of England, or of Ireland, like Creighton, and the few ordained by Bishop Erasmus, of Arcadia, in Crete, were unordained preachers. Some of these had been formally received by Wesley, as was Joseph Cownley in 1746, when, in Bristol, "He kneeled down, and Mr. Wesley, putting the New Testament into his hand, said, 'Take thou authority to preach the gospel.' He then gave him his benediction." This was

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not by any regarded as ordination, but simply reception, for John Wesley ordained him in 1788. Many preachers were never even thus formally received.

The first Wesleyan ordinations were those of Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey as deacons and elders, and of Rev. Thomas Coke, D. C. L., a presbyter of the Church of England, and one of the foremost of Wesley's preachers, as superintendent, or bishop, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. This was done in Bristol, in John Wesley's room at Mr. Castleman's, 6 Dighton Street, King's Square. The date of this important event is September 2, 1784. As this was done nearly ten weeks before Dr. Seabury was ordained for the Protestant Episcopal Church, our episcopate is older than that of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Rev. James Creighton, B. A., was then stationed on the London Circuit, with John and Charles Wesley, and five other preachers. Dr. Coke, in obedience to Wesley's orders, brought him down to Bristol to assist in Wesley's first ordinations. Thus he had with him two presbyters, Coke and Creighton. On the first day they

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ordained Whatcoat and Vasey as deacons ; next day they ordained them elders, and Dr. Coke as superintendent, or bishop. The original document that John Wesley gave Dr. Coke on the occasion we saw in the museum of the Methodist Mission House in London. We secured a facsimile. It reads :

"To all to whom these presents shall come, John Wesley, late Fellow of Lincoln College, in Oxford, Presbyterian of the Church of England, sendeth greeting :

Whereas many of the people in the Southern Provinces of North America, who desire to continue under my care, and still adhere to the Doctrines and Discipline of the Church of England, are greatly distressed for want of ministers to administer the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, according to the usage of the said Church : And, whereas, there does not appear to be any other way of supplying them with ministers :

"Know all men, that I, John Wesley, think myself to be providentially called at this time to set apart some persons for the work of the ministry in America. And therefore, under

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the protection of Almighty God, and with a single eye to his glory, I have this day set apart as a superintendent, by the imposition of my hands and prayer (being assisted by other ordained ministers), Thomas Coke, Doctor of Civil Law, a presbyter of the Church of England, and a man whom I judge to be well qualified for that great work. And I do hereby recommend him to all whom it may concern as a fit person to preside over the flock of Christ. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this second day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four.

“JOHN WESLEY.”

Concerning his authority to ordain, which his brother Charles always questioned, he refers in a letter dated August 19, 1785, saying: “I firmly believe I am a Scriptural episcopos as much as any man in England or in Europe. (For the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable, which no man ever did or can prove.)” The father of Mrs. Maria (Creighton) Odiorne, wife of Alderman and State Senator Odiorne, of Boston, Mass., assisted

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Wesley in these, his first ordinations, and helped him give deacons, elders, and bishops to American Methodism, and ordained ministers to British Methodism. These services were strictly private, and were held at four o'clock in the morning. They were ordained deacons September 1, and elders, and bishop September 2, 1784. The next day three more (unnamed) were added. Including these six for America, John Wesley ordained only thirty of his preachers, twenty-four of whom were for Great Britain. The most important of these was that of Alexander Mather, on Wednesday and Thursday, August 6 and 7, 1788, to the office of superintendent, as he had ordained Thomas Coke in 1784. His last ordinations were of Mr. Moore, his legatee and biographer, and Thomas Rankin, who had pioneered in America, but was then settled in London. These were ordained on Ash Wednesday, February 25, and Friday, February 27, 1789, about two years before he went up to his coronation. Doubtless John Wesley, knowing that Methodism in England would wholly separate from the State Church, chose for it the episcopal polity; but the timid

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British Methodists were afraid to venture. In 1794 a few valiant spirits tried to rally under the episcopal standard, but the attempt failed. Even ordination by the laying on of hands was discontinued for awhile. There are no deacons now in British Methodism. Each successful probationer of four years' standing is then ordained once for all. None but missionaries receive parchments. Bishop Coke seems to have introduced that custom for them. If Wesley did not intend Methodism the world over to become episcopal, why did he ordain Dr. Coke and Alexander Mather to the office of superintendent or bishop? The Church of England party in the British Conferences of 1791-92-93-94 frustrated Wesley's design for a British Methodist Episcopal Church. There has been, year after year, a steady stream of Wesleyan Methodists flowing into the Church of England, which is episcopal in its polity, and which, perhaps, might have been prevented had the Mother Conference followed the example of her eldest daughter in America, the Methodist Episcopal Church.

**IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF METHOD-
ISM'S GREATEST COMMENTA-
TOR, DR. ADAM CLARKE**

LANDING at Liverpool, we came to the ancient English city of Bristol in about six and a half hours. Just about one hundred and eighteen years before may have been seen a clerical-looking Irish youth, who had just landed from a Londonderry vessel. He is about twenty years of age, a little above medium height, thin and pale, and clerically dressed. That loose, straight coat and broad triangular hat had saved him from being taken, during the voyage, by a pressgang who boarded the ship. He also is bound for Bristol. His baggage is of but little care to him, for he wore the most of his wardrobe. A parcel of four books, an English Bible, a Greek Testament, Prideaux's "Connexion," and Young's "Night Thoughts," are more to him than raiment. He boarded himself during the voyage, and in-

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tends doing so on the journey to Bristol. His bill of fare consisted of bread and cheese only during all the voyage. We contrasted this with that on board the splendid Cunarder we had just left.

Captain Cunningham was so impressed with the conduct of this young man on board that he took him to his home, and entertained him, free of cost, until ready to start for Bristol. This Irish youth is Adam Clarke, who, in his native land, has been reached by the Methodists, converted, and advised to preach the gospel. They have also recommended him to John Wesley for admission to his school at Kingswood, near Bristol. The good man had sent word for him to come, and he is now going, with high ideas of both Mr. Wesley and his school. In prospect of a good education, what to him are clothes, big dinners, etc.? We took the train to the old city. He took the old, lumbering stage-coach, miscalled "The Fly," an outside seat, and in a few days was jolted into the old city. On the last of these days he could afford only three cents for food, two of which he spent for bread, and one for apples.

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The coach set him down in Broadmead, at the Greyhound Hotel, which is still standing, nearly opposite the first Methodist church in the world, and the home of Wesley, which for nearly forty years was his headquarters in the West of England. Clarke does not seem to have known that he was so near Wesley's chapel and home, or he would have reported there at once. Instead of this, with only thirty-nine cents left, he enters the hotel, calls for bread and cheese, and, to the disgust of the waiter, water instead of beer. After this frugal meal he retires for the night. In the morning he pays his bill of twenty-four cents, and gives twelve to the chambermaid for caring for him. Having only three cents left, breakfast is out of the question; therefore he took an early and hungry start for Kingswood, about five miles from the city, to the first school of Methodism.

As we walked along the streets of the city which lead out to Kingswood, during our visit to that place, we thought of the young Irish emigrant and his opening career. We wondered if, as he passed up Lawrence Hill, he thought of Charles Wesley quelling the riotous mob by his presence and words of kind-

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ness. Clarke reached Kingswood in time to hear the sermon at the seven o'clock service in the school chapel. Mr. Simpson was then the schoolmaster. He gave him Mr. Wesley's letter bidding him come, but was coldly received by the master, and unkindly treated by his cruel wife, who, from the first, conceived a strong prejudice against the young Irishman. Simpson told him that, as he had received no word concerning him, he had better go back to Bristol, and wait until Mr. Wesley arrived from Cornwall. How could he, with only three cents in the wide world? He must stay, and stay he did. He met nothing but unkindness at Kingswood at the first. Mrs. Simpson declared he had "the itch," and, giving him some of "Jackson's Ointment," which Clarke called "an infernal unguent," to anoint himself with, they had him shut up "in a room at the end of the chapel."

We inspected that room, and took a camera picture of it, and again listened to the story as told by the then Reform School governor, Major Jerram, who most kindly showed us all the points of interest in the old school. But God raised up a friend at Kings-

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wood for his young servant. Rev. Thomas Rankin, who had returned from America, after holding the first three Methodist Conferences there, was now circuit preacher. At the band-meeting he met Clarke, and heard his testimony, and became partial to him. He speaks of Rankin as showing him the first kindness at Kingswood. He sent him to Mangotsfield to meet a class, and to Downend, both near by, to preach. This was Clarke's first public address in England. (We, too, preached in the chapel there.)

One day, whilst digging in the Kingswood garden, Clarke found a half-guinea, but could not find the owner of it. One of the masters, named Bailey, had published a Hebrew Grammar, just such a one as Clarke badly needed. With the half-guinea he subscribed for it, and with it began his studies, which resulted in his well-known Commentary. In that garden the new Reform School buildings are now erected.

Early in September, Mr. Wesley reached Bristol, and sent for Clarke. Mr. Rankin met him at the old chapel door, and led him up to Mr. Wesley's room, which we have just left,

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and, introducing the youth to John Wesley, left him in his care. The conversation in that room was short. We could imagine ourselves listening to it. "Well, Brother Clarke, do you wish to devote yourself entirely to the work of God?" "Sir, I wish to do and be what God pleases." We could seem to see him lay his fatherly hands upon the young Irish preacher's head, and spend a few moments in prayer for his success in the world, just as Dr. Clarke, many years later, wrote and said he did. Clarke returned to Kingswood with a glad heart. After a few days word came from Mr. Wesley that Adam Clarke was to go on to the Bradford Circuit. Thus he began his itinerant ministry.

Just eight years after this he was appointed to this very Bristol Circuit, at the head of which was Broadmead Chapel, where he first met Mr. Wesley, and nearly opposite where he spent his first night in the old city. His pastorate in Bristol was opportune, for here he was wondrously active in helping forward the movement which resulted in opening Methodist chapels during Church of England service hours, and the administration of the sac-

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raments by Methodist preachers. Good old Captain Thomas Webb, "a chief founder" of American Methodism, then a resident of Bristol, found in Adam Clarke a great helper in the new departure, which made Methodism an independent Church, and not a mere annex to the Church of England. The oldest two chapels now owned by the Wesleyans of this old city are Portland, on Kingsdown, which held its centennial services in 1892, and Ebenezer, in old King Street, which did the same in 1895. Both chapels were largely helped in their inception and progress by him who became "Dr. Adam Clarke, the great Bible commenter and Methodist preacher."

OUR SOLDIER FOUNDER'S MAUSOLEUM

AUGUST 26, 1792, is a red-letter day in the Methodist calendar. Then was dedicated what was in all probability the most beautiful of all Methodist chapels in the then world-extending Methodism. It still stands in its strength and beauty, and has celebrated with great success its centennial services. It is on Portland Street, Kingsdown, Bristol, England, and is known as Portland Chapel. It ought to be called the Methodist cathedral of the west of England, so full is it of historic interest to English, and especially to American, Methodists. It is now added to the Methodist tourist's itinerary. We met an American on the way, camera in hand, and knew that others were coming to visit this shrine.

In order to reach it from the railway terminus, we pass Temple Church, out of which Charles Wesley and his colliers were driven

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from the sacramental table. Near by was Weavers' Hall, where John Wesley preached some of his very earliest Bristol sermons. Crossing Bristol Bridge at the end of Temple Street, we stand at the foot of Baldwin and Nicholas Streets, where John Wesley preached to the "societies," which had rooms there, on Sunday, April 1, 1739, his first day in this old city. We search in vain for these society rooms. Modern improvements have destroyed them. We "move on" up High Street, and pass Wine Street, where lived the Whitefields, and where Southey, Wesley's biographer, was born; then, passing down Broad Street, we soon reach the remains of a city gate, over which is St. John's Church, where George Whitefield, who introduced Methodism into the city, was deeply convicted of sin, and was sent off to school to study for the ministry.

Only a few rods distant, in Nelson Street, are the great warehouses of the Budgetts, wholesale grocers. The founder of the firm was "The Successful Merchant," whose biography, written by the saintly author of "The Tongue of Fire," has been an inspiration to

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many English and American young men, some of whom have laid the fortunes they made at the feet of the Master and the service of Methodism, as he did. Continuing along Nelson Street, we come to Broadmead, and pass Robert Hall's Baptist church, and, on the same side of the street, John Wesley's first chapel, standing at the end of a long stone-flagged passage; but we can not enter now; we must hasten on our way to Spring Hill, which leads on to Kingsdown. Before reaching the hill we must pass Charles Street, near Stokes Croft, to which Charles Wesley brought his bride, and where he lived and wrote the most of his hymns for about twenty-two years. Passing through King's Square, we note the spot where John Wesley used to preach in the open air. Having climbed the hill, with its many stone steps, we soon reach Portland Street and its historic chapel. First we walk about this Zion, and note the historic Methodist names engraved upon the tombstones and monuments. No Methodist burial-ground, outside of City Road, London, is so rich in "bonnie dust" as this. Four ex-presidents of the British Conference, and very many noted

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local preachers and other laymen (including women), are among the more than two thousand buried there.

We enter the spacious auditorium. Everything speaks of sacredness and prosperity. The walls are filled with memorial tablets. The pews, with desks for Bibles, hymn-books, and prayer-books; the kneeling-boards, so that Methodists may "kneel before the Lord their Maker," and all the appointments of the place are scrupulously clean, and are suggestive of devotion. In one of the new windows near the gallery, we see a portrait in "burnt glass," carefully set into the window. It is the familiar face of one of the chief founders of American Methodism, the soldier-preacher, Captain Thomas Webb. We sit down before it, and talk of him and his work for God and Methodism in the homeland we have left. We see him in that same uniform enter the first Methodist meetings in New York, to the surprise of Embury and Barbara Heck. We see him give them each and all a good Methodist handshake at the close of the service, and hear him tell them he is "John Wesley's friend and a local preacher," and that his talents,

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purse, and all are at the service of God and Methodism. We could see him preaching in the "Rigging-loft," and giving and begging for the first Methodist church in America, on John Street, New York. We pictured him pioneering the cause in Philadelphia, and there buying what is now the oldest Methodist church in America—St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church. We seemed to hear his cry sent over the waters to Wesley for helpers in this new country; then, because they did not come fast enough, he sails off to fetch them; and we wonder not that our Methodist Macaulay says, "I have not hesitated to pronounce him the principal founder of the denomination in the United States." (Stevens's "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," I, p. 172.) But what does he here, so far from the great Church whose foundations he helped to lay? In Bristol he was born, and also "born again." From the old city he went to America. To it he returned to end his days. Like Bishop Coke, he returned to England at a crucial point of Methodist history. The new Methodist Episcopal Church of America had begun to influence English Methodism in

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the direction of freedom from Church of England rule. The Methodist soldier and the bishop saw that Bristol was to lead off the movement. The captain chafed under the restraints of English Methodism as felt in Bristol, and went to work at his old business of founding Churches. Almost immediately after Mr. Wesley's death he bought the land for this chapel. He gave ten guineas, and begged twenty-five pounds besides. Dr. Coke, whom they feared to call bishop in England, gave twenty-five pounds five shillings; thus we were well represented on that subscription-list. August 26, 1792, it was opened. Samuel Bradburn preached the sermon, much to the discomfort of Vicar Edwards, of that parish, who was present as a hearer. English Methodists in 1892 lived those days over again in celebrating the centennial of this historic place, which links the Methodism of the two continents.

A mural tablet near the pulpit tells us that the mortal remains of the soldier-preacher and founder lie near. His vault is directly under the communion-table in the apse. When, under the leadership of Henry Moore, the stand

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was taken for freedom to worship God in church hours, and have sacraments from the hands of Methodist preachers, the great congregation followed Moore from the old first chapel up the hill to "Portland," and here found asylum until they built in old King Street, in 1795, the Ebenezer Chapel, where Coke, Adam Clarke, Bradburn, and other masters of the art often preached and performed all the offices of the Christian ministry. The more than \$5,000 raised during the centennial services has given a new organ, paid off an old debt on adjoining school property, and aids a city mission carried on by the Church. Thus the memory and spirit of the Methodist soldier-preacher and founder is perpetuated in connection with this beautiful sanctuary, which we regard as the mausoleum of Captain Thomas Webb. A few weeks ago we searched old John Street Church, New York, in vain to find even the name of this honored man who gave and did so much towards founding that first Methodist church in America. Would Western Methodists be so forgetful had he only begun there?

By what seemed to us a strange series of

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providences, it became our duty and privilege to preach in this old sanctuary on our last Sunday in England, September 22, 1901, the Sunday after the Third Ecumenical Methodist Conference closed in London. We were sent there as a delegate. The church, as usual, was well filled. The opening services, from the Book of Common Prayer, still used on Sunday mornings in this old church, were devoutly read by a resident local preacher. For the sermon, we entered the little, old, tub pulpit, in which Captain Webb, whose remains are in a vault within a few feet of it, and Bishop Coke, and a long line of Methodist worthies had stood and preached. The thought of these, and the fact that the last time we stood there was thirty-one years before, when we tremblingly entered it to preach a trial sermon as a candidate for the Methodist ministry, these thoughts were almost too much for us. We felt like an "ambassador in bonds" in the morning, but had liberty in the evening. That is now a red-letter day in our calendar.

APPROACHING THE METHODIST CATHEDRAL

MUCH has been said and written of City Road Chapel and Wesley's house in London. Very much more will be said of this, "the cathedral of Methodism," and Methodists everywhere will be interested listeners. We now propose to talk of a near approach to it, which we find to be classic ground in earliest Methodism. City Road is in the north of London. Doubtless the labors of the Wesleys and Whitefield did much towards "booming" that section of this city, and changing it from fields—"Moorfields"—to the, in many instances, palatial residences of the well-to-do people.

Before reaching Bunhill Fields Cemetery, with City Road Chapel directly opposite, we came to Finsbury Square, on the same side of the road as the chapel. The buildings look well built, and such they are; for John Nelson,

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the stonemason, friend, and helper of John Wesley—he who helped him in his Cornish travels, privations, and toils—this same John Nelson helped build these houses more than a century and a quarter ago. By daylight he wrought stones for those buildings. Before and after daylight he labored in the low-moral quarries near by, whence he hewed stones with which to build up the temple of the Lord in that community; for he preached the gospel at 5 A. M., and also in the evenings.

The first London Methodist society was composed of many converts under his morning and evening ministry, in the open air, and in the “Foundry” meetings close by the square. Who can estimate how much Methodism owes to her lay preachers? We expect the Epworth League movement will call out large numbers to fill the depleted ranks, and restore the almost lost order of local preachers in America.

Let me tell you how John Nelson undesignedly drew a crowd of his fellow-masons and builders to hear him. Look at him! He is six feet high, and stout in proportion. Before his conversion he had fought and won many a battle. Now the old fights are given

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up, and "the fight of faith" is begun. The old physical strength yet remains to defend Mr. Wesley and himself when he needs must call it into exercise. One day, whilst working on those houses, trowel in hand, and perhaps his evening sermon in mind, up came a big fellow, called the "Essex Giant," who announced to Nelson his errand, which was to see who was master, he or Nelson. To his taunts Nelson replied, "Be quiet, and let me alone." He would not take this good advice, but, as though "spoiling for a fight," began to strip, and even seized the busy, toiling hand of Nelson, much to the interest of his fellow-workmen, who were waiting to see what the Methodist mason and preacher would do. Nelson paused a moment to look into the fiendish eyes of his assailant; then, suddenly catching hold of the large belt around the fellow's waist, held him up to the gaze of his fellow-workmen; then dropped him on the ground, so kindly that he was able to get up and slowly hobble away, a wiser and better man than when he came into the hands of the Methodist mason. The Finsbury Square masons hereafter believed more earnestly in

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Nelson's piety and strength, and largely increased his early morning and evening congregations in the old cannon foundry close by. Professors tell ministerial students that all kinds of knowledge may be found useful to the preacher. Not a few of the pioneers on both sides of the Atlantic have found preconversion knowledge of the Nelson kind useful to them in defense of the gospel.

But where is "The Foundry," the first Methodist preaching-place in London, and where John Nelson often preached? It was near to Finsbury Square, where he toiled. Leaving the square, in which afterwards lived wealthy Methodists, and going towards City Road Chapel, which Wesley sometimes called "The New Foundry," only a little more than a block away is Windmill Street, with the police court on the southwest corner. On this site, and up to the next open space on the right-hand side, stood, in Nelson's day, the old cannon foundry, which had been leased, remodeled, and furnished for chapel uses, seating about fifteen hundred people. Also, Wesley's home, where lived and died "St. Sussannah, the mother of Methodism," and the

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president of the first Epworth League, in July, 1742, after about three years' residence in this, the first Methodist meeting-house and home in great London.

As late as 1868, within a gateway on the right-hand side of Windmill Street, may have been seen some remains of the buildings first used as a cannon foundry, afterwards as the Methodist fort, which Wesley and his helpers held for about forty years. From November, 1739, when Wesley first preached there, until January, 1743, the society had grown from none to 523 members and 219 probationers, watched over by sixty-six class-leaders—women leaders for women, men for men. No mixed classes in those days. The sexes also took sides in the public congregations at the Foundry and elsewhere, even until recent times. From this Methodist fort issued *Arminian* shot and shell, the sound of which was heard around the world. The catalogue of books, which is dated 1742, only three years after the Foundry was opened, includes thirty works. Here also was projected the *Arminian Magazine*, which is to-day, next to Wesley's Journals, the richest mine of early Methodist

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wealth. Methodists have been so busy making history that but few have been detailed to gather and write it up. Some Epworthian will be called to delve in these rich mines and bring up treasures for the joy and inspiration of the workers all along the line. The site of the old foundry will prove to be very rich soil. It may be found as you approach City Road Chapel—"the cathedral of Methodism."

THE CATHEDRAL OF METHODISM, AND JOHN WESLEY'S HOUSE

MILLIONS of eyes will, during the bicentennial year of the birth of John Wesley, turn toward City Road Chapel, and Wesley's house, which adjoins it, in London. That chapel is the cathedral of Methodism; that house is the place where John Wesley took his "last triumphant flight from Calvary's to Zion's height," on Wednesday, March 2, 1791. We will now wend our steps to these sacred spots. Starting from the Bank of England northward along the main thoroughfare for about half a mile, we come to Bunhill (Bone-hill) Fields Burying-ground, on the left-hand side of City Road; and on the right, directly opposite that historic city of the dead, stands the last earthly home of John Wesley; also the chapel, with graveyards on its sides and in its rear, which make this shrine unique in the history of worldwide Methodism.

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In Bunhill Fields, besides the dust of the Cromwells, Henry and Richard; John Bunyan, John Owen, D. D., Daniel Defoe, and many other notables, including Dr. Isaac Watts, whose hymns stand side by side in many books with those of her own son Charles, lies the sacred dust of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism. On leaving Epworth, she made London her home until she entered the home above. A monument to her memory stands in the south graveyard near the sidewalk, from which you turn to enter the precincts of the chapel. It is fittingly inscribed. Having now passed through the great iron gates, which open inward from the sidewalk, we approach the chapel, which stands about seven rods distant, with graveyards on each side of the carriage-way and in the rear. This was the first city of the dead owned by Methodists. Here have been laid the bodies of 5,450 persons, many of whom were pioneers and founders of the Church of our love and choice.

Mrs. Wesley's monument fittingly stands in the forefront, in sight of every passer-by. Near it, on the same right-hand side of the entrance, is "The Preachers' Grave," which

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is a vault now filled with the bones of early itinerants who rest from their labors. The chapel presents quite a modern appearance, although it remains very nearly the same as when built in 1778. Before the first Methodist chapel in the world, which still stands in Bristol, was finished, John Wesley leased the old Foundry, which stood not far from the site of City Road Chapel, but not a vestige of which can be found on the old spot to-day. Renovating it, he made it his London headquarters for thirty-eight years, until the present chapel was built. The story of thirty-eight years of Methodist cannonading at the old Foundry would be an interesting one; but we are standing within the outer gates and looking at the exterior of its successor, the cathedral of Methodism. John Wesley laid its foundation-stone in the presence of a great multitude of rain-drenched Londoners, on Monday, April 21, 1777. Standing on the newly-laid stone, and between the showers, he preached from Numbers xxiii, 23. On November 1, 1778, he preached the opening sermons of the dedication. Eleven months after this the Wesley House, at our right, was built

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for John Wesley and his preachers. It was an early itinerants' home. The chapel then had no portico in front; this was added in 1815. The cornice and balustrades which hide the front roof are also modern. On the left of the entrance stands a new block of buildings called the Benson classrooms, because erected on the site of the old house, which was first the Book Concern, and afterward the home of Joseph Benson, where he wrote his "Commentary on the Bible," which did such good service in its day. In that old house the preacher, commentator, and Book Steward died, February 16, 1823. He was buried in the rear of the chapel, only a few feet from John Wesley's grave. The new buildings bear his name, and are used for tea-meetings, young people's reading-rooms, parlors, mothers' meetings, etc.

The historic Morning Chapel is now hidden from view by a vestibule connecting the large chapel, the Benson classrooms and the Morning Chapel in the rear. An engraving of City Road as it was in the beginning appears in the second volume of the *Arminian Magazine*, which was projected during the building of the new chapel. Its first volume

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appeared on January 1, 1778. John Wesley declared the structure, at its opening, "perfectly neat, but not fine."

Before entering, we will pass around the chapel to the graveyard in its rear. On the right we find the tombs of that king of men among the early Methodists, Dr. Jabez Bunting, and of the beloved physician and local preacher, Dr. Hamilton, once well known in both bodily and spiritual ministries at City Road. The main attraction is reached by passing through another iron gate into the ground, in the center of which is Wesley's grave, with a high monument reared above it, all of which is carefully railed around, probably to save the monument from the vandalism of American tourists, who are so fond of souvenirs from historic spots. One of the caretakers met this demand by frequently planting flowers near by, which he sold to visitors as ingeniously as could any live Yankee. Adjoining Wesley's grave is that of Dr. Adam Clarke, also iron-railed all around. Thus the commentators, Clarke and Benson, lie near each other, and Richard Watson, the theologian of early Methodism, rests near by. Near these lie Thomas Rankin, the

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president of the first Conference in America; Samuel Bradburn, the "Prince of Preachers;" Henry Moore, Wesley's legatee and biographer; and many other wise master-builders of our beloved Church.

We will now return to the front of the chapel, and, passing through the portico, see the interior. Before doing so, we must apply at the little house on our right, and in the rear of Wesley's house, where lives the sexton. He and his family are expecting us, having watched us looking around for the past half-hour. He leads us into this Methodist shrine. "How modern!" we exclaim. "Yes," he responds; "it's been done up since the fire." He refers to the fire which, in December, 1879, consumed the Morning Chapel, some pews of the large chapel, scorched the old pulpit, cracked the mural tablets, and spoiled the old ceiling, and came so near to the destruction of the whole of the buildings. It has been restored as nearly as possible to what it was, with some tasteful additions harmonizing with the old features. It was threatened with fire in December, 1780, just ninety-nine years before the fire of December, 1879. It was saved,

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in 1780, in answer to the prayers of John Wesley and his guests, whom he had called from their beds at midnight and showed the chapel all lighted up with the fire only about one hundred yards away. Before going out into the midst of the surging crowd, they prayed God to save the chapel. On reaching the outside, almost the first cry that fell upon their ears was that of a sailor, "Avast! the wind has changed!" So it had, to the direction away from the chapel, and it was saved; but not wholly so in 1879.

Let us now look around the interior. There still stands the Wesley pulpit and reading-desk, now used by the precentor. All this is of Spanish mahogany, highly polished. The ground-floor pews seat 656 persons. On three sides is a large gallery which seats 720 more. If needs be, sixteen hundred can be cared for in the chapel. Around the front of the gallery are medallions of John Wesley's own design—a circle made by a serpent inclosing a dove bearing in its mouth an olive-branch.

Why does not the Epworth League adopt this device? It contains more dove than ser-

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pent, and may suggest that in its methods of bearing peace to the young of Methodism, while using the wisdom of the serpent, it holds in very large proportions the harmlessness of the dove.

The memorial windows within the altar-rails are modern and very beautiful. The mural tablets and monuments are replete with Methodist history, biographically presented. Lack of space forbids all but the briefest mention of some of these.

Within the communion-rails on the south side of the pulpit are beautifully carved and inscribed tablets to Dr. Clarke, near the floor. Dr. Thomas Coke, the organizer of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and its first bishop, has a tablet just above it; and above it again is one to Charles Wesley. Thus, Dr. Coke's is placed in the middle, between Methodism's greatest poet and commentator. Biblical interpretation, song, and missions form a powerful trinity of powers for the redemption of this world to Jesus Christ. Just outside the altar rail is the Rev. Richard Watson's beautiful monument. Thus the systematic theologian's stands beside the other three; and

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next beyond him is the memorial to Sir Francis Lycett, the English Methodist nobleman, whose money was consecrated to supplementing the work of the other four in carrying the results of their studies and labors to perishing multitudes.

Between the south side monuments is one of the splendid "Waddy columns," which stand at the angles of the altar-rail, the gift of S. D. Waddy, Esq., Queen's Counsel, etc., himself a Methodist local preacher, given at a cost of four thousand dollars, in memory of his father, the Rev. Dr. Waddy, who, after a life of great prominence and usefulness in the Wesleyan ministry, died in Bristol in 1876, aged seventy-two years. Passing over to the north side of the altar, we find the base of its Waddy column suitably inscribed to the doctor's memory. Inside the altar are three tablets standing one above the other, as do those on the right-hand side. The lower one is Joseph Benson's, the middle one John Fletcher's, and the upper one is John Wesley's. Each has carved emblems well suggesting the work of their lives. Just outside the rail is a monument to Dr. Bunting, which cor-

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responds to Watson's, at the other end of the altar-rail. Then follows one to Dr. Jobson, placed as is that of Sir Francis on the other side.

Chief among these, near by, are the monuments of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, John Wesley's nearest lady friend, who closed his eyes in death, and who alone wrote up the scene, signing herself "E. R." (Miss Elizabeth Ritchie). Her husband was a trustee of twenty-three years' standing. On the north wall, near by, the chief monument we noticed was that of Dr. Punshon and his lifelong friend, Dr. Gervase Smith, both well known in America, and the former throughout all Methodism. On leaving this sanctuary for Wesley's home, which adjoins it on the south side, we feel as we do on leaving Westminster Abbey, where also is a monument to the brothers, John and Charles Wesley, at the unveiling of which the late Dean Stanley spoke of the Methodists so fraternally.

Is not this our Methodist Abbey? What notable Conferences and other historic gatherings have been held in this holy place! Here, at the Conference of 1785, Mr. Wesley an-

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nounced that he had appointed Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury as joint superintendents over the brethren in North America, and also that Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey were sent to act as elders among them. These were the first bishops and elders of Methodism, made such by Mr. Wesley's first acts of ordination. Many other notable Conferences and other gatherings were held herein between that time and the Ecumenical Council of 1881. A series of intensely interesting services were held in the centennial year of John Wesley's death in 1891. Doubtless great meetings will be held in the bicentennial of his birth, in 1903.

We will now enter Wesley's house, by passing out through the front graveyard and the sidewalk gates to the front of the house. It is a plain four-storied house, with a little flower garden in front leading up to the front door, which is about three rods from the sidewalk. John Wesley first entered here to live after his preaching tour in Bristol and vicinity, and Wales, October 8, 1779. Under that date he writes, "This night I lodged in the new house at London; how many more nights have

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I to spend there?" Here he lodged many of his preachers, some of whom, in December, 1787, he sent to bed at nine o'clock, so that they might be better able to rise and attend the five o'clock services in the Morning Chapel.

At one of these services, in 1788, the death of Charles Wesley was first published. Mr. Wesley's own rooms were on the first floor. His living-room was the front one; his study and bedroom were in the back part of the same floor. Adjoining his sleeping-room is a small room which he used for retirement, meditation, and prayer.

Scarcely was he settled in his new home, before burglars entered and stole about seven pounds' worth of money and goods, including Mr. Wesley's silver spoons, of which he had written, on making his plate returns for taxation: "I have two silver spoons at London, and two at Bristol. I shall not buy any more whilst so many poor want bread." The London burglars relieved him of those, and would have taken more plunder but for the misplaced alarm, which, striking at 3.30 instead of 4 o'clock, scared them out of the house. We enter first his parlor, then examine the few

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and well-preserved Wesley relics. They include Wesley's clock, an old, long-cased, eight-day, which still keeps correct time, and a four-quart Wedgewood teapot, rather the worse for wear as to its spout; its lid also has gone the way of all crockery. It has the grace before and after meat inscribed on its sides, which is still used at Wesleyan tea-meetings. We sat in Wesley's chair, in which all presidents of London Conferences, and favored tourists also, sit. His large bookcase, and also his bureau with book-shelves on top, inside of the doors of which are portraits of preachers, taken from magazines, and said to have been pasted there by John Wesley's own hands—all this furniture is wonderfully well-preserved, and is simply priceless. His side-table was the last piece inspected. The most interesting place to us was the room in which he closed his eyes to earth. His dearest lady friend, Mrs. Mortimer, tells the story.

In the next chapter we will tell of his swansong, and his home-bringing to die.

JOHN WESLEY'S SWAN-SONG OF FREEDOM

ON Sunday, September 8, 1901, as a delegate to the third Ecumenical Conference, then in session in London, we were appointed to preach at Balham. Had we been asked to choose, this would have been the place, because of its most interesting Wesley associations. It is in the southwest of London, on the Surrey side. Immediately after morning service, we asked to be taken to what was once Balham Hall, the residence of George Wolff, Esq., formerly consul general in the court of Denmark, and later the Danish consul in England, a very dear friend of John Wesley, who made him one of his three executors. Mr. Wolff was a Dane by birth, and evidently a man of large means. He used to drive over to City Road Chapel on Sundays, and was one of the largest givers to the London Methodist charities. He is described "as a man of

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great humility and of ardent piety." He lived to the good old age of ninety-two years, when he died, "happy in God," March 8, 1828. He was the last surviving executor of John Wesley, whom he outlived thirty-seven years.

Wesley seems to have become acquainted with him through his estimable wife, who was the widow of one of Wesley's rich members and friends—Captain Cheesement, of London. In his journal for February 24, 1783, he writes:

"I buried the remains of Captain Cheesement, one who, some years since, from a plentiful fortune, was by a train of losses utterly ruined, but, two or three friends enabling him to begin trade again, the tide turned, he prospered greatly, and riches flowed in on every side. A few years ago he married one equally agreeable in her person and temper. So what had he to do but enjoy himself? Accordingly, he left off business, took a large, handsome house, and furnished it in a most elegant manner. A little while after, showing his rooms to a friend, he said, 'All this will give small comfort in a dying hour.' A few days after, he was taken ill with a fever. I saw him twice;

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he was sensible, but could not speak. In spite of all means, he grew worse and worse, and in about twelve days died."

Only one day before the funeral of the father, his daughter, an infant only two days old, died. Thus was Mrs. Cheesement, Wesley's friend, doubly bereaved. Later she became Mrs. George Wolff, of Balham Hall. She was to Wesley like Mary and Martha were to Jesus; Balham was the Bethany of Wesley's old age. Here he found friends, rest, and a home, whose doors were always wide open to him. Forty years before, he had such a home in Lewisham, at his friend Blackwell's, the banker. He very much needed such hospitality in his declining years. The entries in his Journals for Balham are few, but very significant. December 1, 1789, after preaching at Mitcham, he says: "I then retired to the lovely family at Balham. Here I had leisure on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, to consider the account of the Pelew Islands." He then criticises the book, and selects from it extracts and comments which he prepared for the *Arminian Magazine* for 1791-92. This is how this busy man rested among his

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friends. On February 16, 1790, he writes, "I retired to Balham for a few days, in order to finish my sermons, and put all my little things in order." He was then nearly eighty-seven years old, and evidently felt that the end was not far distant. There are no later entries in his Journals concerning Balham. October 24, 1790, this same year, is the date of the last entry he made. From October 14, 1735, to October 24, 1790, fifty-five years, he had kept his Journals, which competent critics declare to be the best living pictures of the English history of that period, to say nothing of their real value to the spiritual life of the readers of them. These are the wonderful volumes which Methodist preachers have so largely neglected, but are now waking up to the value of as never before. Non-Methodist literary critics and leading ministers of other denominations have aroused us to their study. Read Augustine Birrell's brilliant essay on them, and learn their value. His Journals and letters reveal the real John Wesley.

Let us trace his footsteps during the week which includes his last visit to Balham, and introduces us to the last week of his life on

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earth. Before us lies an exact copy of the original account, written by "E. R." (Elizabeth Ritchie), who lived in his home, went with him on some journeys of this week, and who was present at his departure. We know of only two original copies of this document, which has been so often partly quoted by historians from Whitehead down. Dr. Rigg, of London, owns one, and Dr. Franklin Hamilton, of Boston, owns the other. She writes:

"On Thursday, the 17th of February, Mr. Wesley preached at Lambeth, from 'Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life.' When he came home he seemed very unwell; but on being asked, 'How he did?' only said he believed he had taken a little cold.

"Friday, the 18th, Mr. Wesley read and wrote as usual, dined at Mr. Urling's, and preached at Chelsea in the evening, from 'The King's business requires haste.' He was obliged to stop once or twice, and told the people his cold so affected his voice as to prevent his speaking without those necessary pauses. He was prevailed on to let Mr. Rogers and Mr. Bradford meet the classes,

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and had a high degree of fever all the way home.

“Saturday, the 19th, reading and writing filled up most of his precious time, though to those that were with him his complaints (fever and weakness) seemed evidently increasing. He dined at Mrs. Griffith’s, Islington, and while there desired a friend to read to him the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Job. He was easily prevailed upon to let Mr. Brackenbury meet the penitents. But still, struggling with his weakness, some of us (with hearts full of foreboding fears) saw him ready to sink under it.

“On Sunday he rose as usual, at four o’clock in the morning, but was utterly unable to preach. At seven o’clock he was obliged to lie down, and slept between three and four hours. When he awoke, he said, ‘I have not had such a comfortable sleep this fortnight past.’ The effects were soon gone, and in the afternoon he lay down again, and slept for an hour or two. Afterward, two of his own discourses on our Lord’s Sermon on the Mount were read to him, and in the evening he came down to supper.

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“Monday, the 20th. He seemed much better, and, though his friends tried to dissuade him from it, would keep an engagement made some time before to dine with Mr. G——, at Twickenham. Miss Wesley [his niece] and E. R. [Ritchie, the writer of this document], accompanied him. In his way thither he called on Lady Mary Fitzgerald. The conversation was truly profitable, and well became a last visit. He prayed in such a spirit and manner as I believe her ladyship will never forget. At T. [Twickenham] he seemed much better, and the first and last visit to that pleasing family and lovely place will, I think, prove a lasting blessing. When he came home he seemed much better, and on Tuesday went on with his usual work, dined at Mr. Horton’s, Islington; preached in the evening at the City Road, from ‘We through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith;’ met the leaders, and seemed better than he had been for some days.”

This was his last sermon at City Road Chapel. The next day he preached his last sermon. It was on this wise:

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“On Wednesday morning, Mr. Rogers went with him to Leatherhead [eighteen miles distant] to visit a family who have lately begun to receive the truth. They had the honor of this almost worn-out veteran in his blessed Master’s service, delivering his last public message beneath their roof. O that all that heard may take the solemn warning, and so embrace the blessed invitation he gave them from ‘Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near,’ as to meet our departed friend at God’s right hand.”

We were surprised to learn that for nearly one hundred years after Wesley’s last sermon, which makes Leatherhead so historic, there were no Methodist services in this Surrey town of four thousand inhabitants. The Wesley Memorial Church there is an outcome of the centenary of Wesley’s death, which was observed in 1891.

Miss Ritchie continues her pen-pictures of those closing days of her old friend and father in the Gospel:

“On Thursday he paid his last visit to that lovely place and family, Mr. Wolff’s, at Bal-

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ham, which I have often heard him speak of with pleasure and much affection. Here Mr. Rogers says he was cheerful, and seemed nearly as well as usual, till Friday, about breakfast time, when he seemed very heavy. About eleven o'clock, Mrs. Wolff brought him home. I was struck with his manner of getting out of the coach and going into the house, but more so as he went upstairs, and when he sat down in the chair. I ran for some refreshment; but before I could get anything for him he had sent Mr. R—— out of the room, and desired not to be interrupted for half an hour by any one; adding, not even if Joseph Bradford came. Mr. Bradford came a few minutes after, and, as soon as the limited time was expired, went into the room. Immediately after, he came out and desired me to mull some wine with spices and carry it to Mr. Wesley. He drank a little, and seemed sleepy. In a few minutes he was seized with sickness, threw it up, and said, 'I must lie down.' We immediately sent for Dr. Whitehead. On his coming in, Mr. Wesley smiled, and said, 'Doctor, they are more afraid than hurt.' I know not how he judged

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of our fears; for though my full heart felt as if the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof were near at hand to take my father home, yet I had said nothing; nor do I know that any one around him had at that time feelings similar to my own. He lay most of the day, with a quick pulse, burning fever, and extremely sleepy. In the evening, while pouring out my soul into the bosom of my Lord, telling him all I felt with respect to the Church in general, myself in particular, and trying to plead for my dearest father's longer stay, that word, 'Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me, where I am, that they may behold my glory,' seemed so immediately given me from above that, with dear Mrs. Fletcher on a similar occasion, I may say, 'From that time my prayer for his life had lost its wings.'"

It was on the memorable Wednesday at Balham that he wrote his last letter, which we choose to call his swan-song of freedom—his letter to Wilberforce encouraging that other great reformer to persevere in his efforts against the African slave-trade. How much this letter had to do with the riddance of Eng-

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land and America from the slaving curse, who can estimate? Here is a copy of the letter written in the Balham house at which we are now looking:

“DEAR SIR,—Unless the Divine power has raised you up to be as Athanasius, *contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy, which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out with the opposition of men and devils. But ‘if God be for you, who can be against you?’ Are all of them together stronger than God? O ‘be not weary in welldoing!’ Go on, in the name of God and in the power of his might, till even American slavery—the vilest that ever saw the sun—shall vanish away before it.

“Reading this morning a tract, wrote by a poor African, I was particularly struck by that circumstance, that a man who has a black skin, being wronged or outraged by a white man, can have no redress; it being a law in all our colonies, that the oath of a

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black against a white goes for nothing. What villainy is this!

“That He who has guided you from your youth up may continue to strengthen you in this and all things is the prayer of, dear sir, your affectionate servant, JOHN WESLEY.”

This was the last of the very many letters of this truly good and great man of God, our founder. We choose to call it John Wesley's swan-song of freedom.

WESLEY'S FIRST LONDON CHAPEL

CITY ROAD, which, since its renovation and centenary services in 1891, has been re-named Wesley's Chapel, is the shrine to which Methodist pilgrims from all over Wesley's world-parish wend their steps; but this is not Wesley's first metropolitan chapel. It was not opened until November 1, 1778. Before City Road Chapel was The Foundry, which stood in the same fields of those days, a little distance from it on the southeast. No vestige of the old Foundry remains among the buildings which stand on its site, now known as Tabernacle Street, but formerly Windmill Street. Here was the head-center of London Methodism for nearly forty years. This was Wesley's first metropolitan "preaching-place," but not a chapel. The blown-up foundry, which caused the removal of the British cannon business to Woolwich, whose arsenal is now of world-wide reputation, this

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old place became the spot for Methodist canonading, whose thundering was heard all around the world. Leased and opened in November, 1739, fifteen hundred people would sometimes occupy its benches, and listen to the burning words of the earliest Methodist preachers. Here lived and died St. Susannah, the mother of the Wesleys and of Methodism. Here were carried on those good works of practical Christianity, in caring for the bodies of the people, which are now being urged under the title of "Christian Socialism." John Wesley planned, and his people practiced, this so-called new gospel more than one hundred and sixty years ago.

This was not called a chapel, but one of the preaching-places. Wesley's first London chapel still stands; it is unwittingly passed by unnoticed by great numbers of American visitors to London every year. When in Trafalgar Square, and especially when standing at the east end of the National Gallery, you are within four minutes' walk of Wesley's first London chapel, the head-center of West London Methodism for about fifty-five years, and the mother of West End Meth-

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odism, including the Hughes and Pearse "forward movement," which is attracting so much attention to-day.

Walk up St. Martin's Lane, which bounds the National Gallery on the east, until you come to Aldridge's well-known livery stables; do not turn into the street which curves around with the sidewalk on which you tread, but look across the street and see a dingy-looking brick building, with an ancient bell on its roof, and an old three-storied house adjoining it on the north; it is the Seven Dials Mission. It was formerly West Street Chapel, Wesley's first London chapel, the first legalized place of worship held by the Wesleys in London. Like the present Spitalfields Wesleyan Chapel, it had been a French Protestant chapel for about forty years, before which time there had stood on the same site an Episcopal Free Chapel, where services were conducted in Erse. Thus Scotch-Irish and French Christians had consecrated this spot and made it ready for Wesley and his helpers. Having opened up work in Short's Gardens, Drury Lane, in 1740, where he held his first society meeting on January 22, 1742, Wesley felt the

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need of a proper chapel in the West End. Providentially he obtained a lease of West Street Chapel, and on Trinity Sunday, 1743, held his first services therein, preaching from "Ye must be born again," and administering the sacrament to such large numbers that the services lasted from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.; but at 5 P. M. of the same day we find John Wesley again preaching from the same text in the great gardens at Whitechapel, in East London. West Street Chapel, from 1743 until John Wesley's last service there, February 13, 1791, seventeen days before he died at City Road, was especially dear to our founder. Here Charles Wesley was a kind of perpetual pastor; here his family worshiped after they had moved from Bristol. His little white pony might often have been seen at the chapel door, with Lady Huntingdon's carriage near by; these, with John Wesley's old coach, were familiar figures at those two old chapel doors, or at that of the chapel house, where lived Wesley's eldest sister, Mrs. Harper; here she was converted; there she died in her eightieth year.

Let us enter and look around. It is now,

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like so very many historic spots, entirely out of Methodist hands. It is the Seven Dials Mission (Church of England). We enter in company with that Methodist antiquarian, Professor S. F. Upham, of Drew Theological Seminary, to explore this mine of Methodist history. It is an oblong building, with square-fronted galleries on three sides. All pews and the old-fashioned three-decker pulpit, which stood there in its Methodist days, before the pews were put in, are now removed. It is a mission for the poorest of the people, and they have gone back from pews to benches. It strikes the visitor at once as being a typical Methodist chapel of the old-fashioned sort. Over the altar may be traced the places where once were three sashed windows opening from a room in the house, "Nicodemus Room." Here clergymen and others would hear Methodist preaching without being mixed with the congregation. We pictured them looking down upon the congregation, and slyly listening to the preaching. In Wesley's day this chapel is said to have seated over one thousand. They must have been packed closer than in these days. No space

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was lost. Benches filled floor and galleries. The women sat in the front gallery and on the seats under it; the men on either side and by themselves. We could easily, in imagination, both seat and see them worshiping. We pictured that Sunday in 1759, when John Wesley had eight services, and had prayed for help. In the midst of one of them there entered the chapel in haste a helper, who had just been ordained in the royal chapel, Whitehall, only a few minutes' walk from here. He assisted him in one of those memorable sacramental services of the old chapel, using the very cups now used in its successor, Great Queen Street Chapel. That young helper was John Fletcher, who soon after preached, in broken English, his first sermon from that pulpit, and who became "Wesley's designated successor," and the author of the immortal "Checks," etc.

On Tuesday morning, March 26, 1754, John Wesley entered this chapel to preach, after four months of silence through sickness, but full of his "Notes on the New Testament," upon which he had been busy during those months. The people were overjoyed to see

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him. A young Scotchman, a baker, was present that morning, and found pardon under that sermon. He was Alexander Mather, who became president of the Conference, and died in 1800, superintendent of the London Circuit, and whom, high authority claims, John Wesley ordained as superintendent or bishop for the English work, just as he had ordained Bishop Coke for the American. Why did not these English Methodists seize their opportunity for an episcopal Methodism in England?

A memorable service was held here in 1777. A new convert to Christ and also to Methodism was announced to preach. The chapel was crowded to hear Mr. Wesley's new and distinguished helper. At the appointed moment he appeared, with his boyish face and figure. Short in stature, with regular features, bright smile, sparkling dark eyes, alabaster brow, and raven black hair, and Welsh accent; he is Rev. Thomas Coke, D. C. L., late curate of South Petherton, and later the first Methodist bishop, and the organizer of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. For many years after that morning was his voice heard in West Street Chapel. In 1843, while Rev.

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M. Dibdin, the Episcopal minister, was waiting to see inquirers, a convert of Dr. Coke's came to him, and, pointing to a seat near the door, said, "I was converted while sitting there fifty years ago." He then lived in St. Martin's Lane. He was converted at ten years of age, when Dr. Coke had made five of his voyages, and returned in 1793. Here George Whitefield, before and after his tabernacle was built in 1756-7, often preached. In 1788, Bradburn here preached Charles Wesley's funeral sermon, and the congregation subscribed £10 13s. 6d., to which Mr. Marriott added £3 3s., to pay the funeral expenses. As late as 1856 the Episcopal pastor used to preach in open air on Sundays, and use Wesley's portable pulpit, which was then kept in the chapel house, and was "like a large kitchen meat screen." An American can easily have access to this old chapel, its vestries, and chapel-house, and will be better able to read Methodist history after a visit there.

We will now turn aside to see:

A GREAT SIGHT OF LONDON

TOURISTS, whether professedly Christians or not, visit Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. The great Nonconformist Cathedral in the East End ought not to be omitted from the itinerary of any one interested in Christian work. Where is it? What is it? It is the Great Assembly Hall in the Mile End Road, which is a continuation of Whitechapel. Perhaps its business-like frontage is a reason why many passers-by on foot and 'bus overlook it or think it a small affair. It is really the largest mission hall in the world, and one of the greatest gospel agencies in London. Standing on the Mile End waste in front of it, what do we see? A large, plain frontage, ninety feet wide and forty feet deep, behind which, and hidden by it, are the great and the smaller halls. On one side of the main entrance is a brilliant saloon; but one of the right sort, though to us wrongly named. It is the

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Book Saloon, out of which flows into that community a pure stream of gospel literature. On the other side is a "Coffee Palace," where temperance drinks and foods can be had at reasonable prices. It is made as attractive as the drinking saloons hard by. Good books and tracts, good food, coffee, and cocoa compete with the penny and pernicious printed matter sold on the sidewalks, and the liquid fire sold over the bars which abound in that neighborhood. Both of these places of business, with all three of the front entrances, lead into the octagonal vestibule, which holds six hundred people, and leads into the great hall. Above the spacious floor, and around it, are three great galleries and an organ and choir gallery. Two large platforms, rising one above the other, are for the speakers. Four thousand six hundred sittings are there. Sometimes seven thousand gather in hall and vestibule. On Sunday nights the hall is filled. On week nights the ground floor is well filled with worshipers. Herein, and in the "tin tabernacle" and other places which preceded it, services have been held for about ten thousand consecutive nights. The tenements all

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over the frontage are all used for evangelistic and social agencies. In one of them is the office of General Secretary Edwin H. Kerwin, Esq., J. P. In his presence we stand before the pioneer of this great Christian enterprise. He is a genial man of about fifty-five years of age, a thoroughly common-sense business man, who always has his wits about him, and the Lord about his wits. He needs both in his arduous toils. About thirty-five years ago this young man and a kindred spirit began work among boys in a hayloft over a stable. It was a humble beginning. What could they two do among so many who needed the gospel? God saw that they needed a great helper. He sent them one. He is now the leader of the movement—the Hon. Superintendent Frederick N. Charrington, Esq., L. C. C.

For more than thirty-five years this noble man of God has poured his time, his life, his fortune, and all his large social influence into this work. Though no ordaining hands have ever been laid upon his head, he is a New Testament bishop, and the archbishop of the Tower Hamlets Mission, of which this hall is the center. The story of his conversion, en-

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trance upon this work, and his renunciation of a colossal fortune, is that of a real knight of the nineteenth century. The son of a millionaire brewer, whose name is still seen all over the city, he had chosen his father's profession and entered the great brewery, which is still carried on by Charrington, only a few doors from the great hall, and which can be seen all over East London. With his parents he had made a Continental tour, during which he met Mr. William Rainsford, now the well-known divine of New York City. Mr. Rainsford had a Christian experience. Mr. Charrington had not, but rested his salvation on his baptism, which he had been taught made him a child of God. After their return, and just before parting, Mr. Rainsford put this pointed question to him, "Do you know you are saved?" accompanied with his own testimony to the conscious saving power of Christ. His friend at first resented it, but promised to read, when alone, the third chapter of St. John. He did so, and became a saved young man. He offered himself to his rector for work. After brewing by day, he taught a boys' night school. He visited Mr. Kerwin's hayloft and its work.

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Immediately he felt called to join them in that work. He soon began to search into the causes of the poverty he saw, and concluded that beer and liquors were the chief cause, and he was a brewer and the son of a brewer. What should he do? He at once heard and obeyed his call to renounce and to denounce the whole nefarious business, at whatever cost. It cost him much in every way. To hate (that is, to love less) father and mother, sister and brother, for Christ's sake is expensive work. He paid the price. To step out penniless and leave millions behind (I know it meant a sacrifice of \$6,250,000) needed faith and courage. God gave him both. His father, when dying, relented, and told his noble son, "You were right, and I was wrong." He willed him a share in the brewery; or, if he declined that, a comfortable support for life. He at once refused the share, and has ever since been pouring his life and his comfortable support, day and night, into the work of the gospel and temperance.

His voice, nightly calling men to sign the pledge in the hall, can almost be heard in the great Charrington Brewery, a few doors

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down the street. The reform work which he has from time to time led in the East End, at the risk of his life, the story of his museum of battered hats, floured, filth-pelted, and torn clothing, trophies of his fights against the low music hall which nearly adjoined his mission hall, the newspaper caricatures and notices, and his experiences in closing, in one case, a whole street full of brothels, would make interesting reading, did space allow. Only a little over fifty years of age, his health is greatly impaired by the great strain upon nerve, heart, and mind for nearly thirty years. He can not fight sin as he once could, but he can and does pray as mightily as ever, and pay as largely; for, like John Wesley, all above his personal needs as an unmarried gentleman—in which he is wiser than was Wesley—all is poured into the work of which the Great Assembly Hall is the center, and of which he, under Christ, is the head. A Church organization became a necessity. It is practically a Free Baptist Church, though not so called, and has a membership of more than fifteen hundred. Mr. Charrington does not preach; he leads the services. Leading English and American evangel-

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ists supply the pulpit for a month or two at a time each year. All the preaching, excepting Wednesday nights, is intended to be especially evangelistic. Wednesday addresses are to believers. Perhaps the variety of talent is one of the chief reasons why the immense congregations never decrease. The money gifts of Mr. Charrington are supplemented by contributions from all over England, and, in fact, from all over the world, where the results of the work are found. A visit to the Great Assembly Hall and its various gospel agencies would well repay every Christian and philanthropic American who goes to see the great sights of London.

CARRYING LIVE "COALS TO NEWCASTLE"

"CARRYING coals to Newcastle" is a proverbially needless task, but all depends upon the kind of coals. About two years after John Wesley, whose lips had been touched with a live coal from off God's own altar, after kindling a holy fire among the wicked colliers of Kingswood, England, he being in Yorkshire, determined to visit Newcastle-on-Tyne. He arrived Friday, May 28, 1742. John Taylor was with him. He found it a very degraded mining region. On entering the town he went to Mr. Gun's public-house, and, after tea, went out to look around this new part of his "world parish." Hearing curses and swearing even from the lips of little children, and seeing great drunkenness on every side, he concluded that "surely this place is ripe for Him who came, not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." On Sunday morning at seven

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o'clock he and John Taylor went outside the walls of the old town to the sand-gate. Taking his stand at a pump, he called upon the "North to give up" to Christ and Methodism, just as the South of England had done.

Being in England, we visited those Northern scenes. Leaving Yorkshire, as did they, we, too, went to Newcastle. Arriving, we inquired for the Sand-gate. We found it a dirty part of the town, about ten minutes' walk from the station. The old pump was still there, but now a handsome drinking fountain stands in its place, erected by the Newcastle and Gateshead Council in memory of Wesley's visit to the town and first service there. Services were held on May 30th, the one hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of Wesley's first visit. It is also proposed to hold open-air preaching services near the spot every Sunday morning. All local branches of Methodism assisted to commemorate this important beginning of Methodism in the North.

We stood by the old pump, and looked around at the old houses. Close by the water fount is a rum shop, with the sign of the "Three Bulls' Heads." This, we concluded,

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was one of the causes of the squalor and poverty seen on every side. We talked with an old grocer who had kept store a few feet from the spot for forty-one years. He told us that the water was excellent, which we at once proved, and that in times of drought it had been sold to the people. He knew nothing of Wesley's visit there, so we told him of the little clergyman in gown and bands, who, with John Taylor at his side, stood there on May 30, 1742, and began to sing the one hundredth Psalm; how that three or four people at that early hour came out of those old houses to see "what was the matter," and how they still came, until from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred people thronged the street, facing the pump and the hill towards which its handle pointed. Wesley's text was, "He was wounded for our transgressions," etc. Service concluded, he told the gaping crowd: "My name is John Wesley. At five in the evening, with God's help, I design to preach here again." He did so, to the largest congregation he had up to that time seen. He says: "After preaching, the poor people were ready to tread me under foot, out of pure love

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and kindness." They begged him to stay ; but, rising before the sun on Monday morning, he traveled eighty miles that day on his way to another appointment, and for his first visit to Epworth since his father's death, and to his first tombstone service there.

This first visit to Newcastle was cometary—a short blaze and a disappearance.

About two months later, Charles Wesley went there, and found a society on Lisle Street. This was the first in the great North. We went in search of the old place, and found it to be now a dwelling-house in a very narrow street almost opposite the site of the Orphan House of Wesley, which was really the third chapel built by him, Kingswood Chapel having preceded it.

In Newcastle it was that Mr. Wesley determined "not to strike where he could not follow up the blow." Here sprang up the "circuit system" which did so much for Methodism. Here John Wesley pronounced as "demoniacal" those manifestations in meetings which some people called the "power of the Holy Ghost." He was quick to discriminate be-

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tween the work of the devil in meeting, and the work of the Lord.

A house of worship was needed. Its foundation-stone was laid, though he had only \$7.25 of the needed \$3,500. It was opened in March, 1742.

The lower part was a chapel fitted with forms and pulpit. The classrooms were above. Still above were the rooms for preachers and their families. An attic chamber on the roof was Mr. Wesley's own study; this was a wooden addition. Herein he projected his "popular library of threescore, or even four-score, volumes."

It was called the Orphan House, because designed also to be a school and home for orphans, but the project failed. Here, from 1743 to 1856, stood Wesley's third chapel and headquarters in what he called "the Kingswood of the North." Bristol, Kingswood, London, and Newcastle were aflame with Methodist fire. All but the London one were altars built for the very purpose. The London house was the old cannon foundry, converted to the use of the Prince of Peace.

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Two extracts from his Journals tell us how John Wesley regarded this place. Under date of June 23, 1779, when in his seventy-sixth year, he writes: "I rested here. Lovely place and lovely company. But I believe there is another world. Therefore I must arise and go hence." June 4, 1790, only eight months before he went to the home above, he writes: "We reached Newcastle. In this and Kingswood house, were I to do my own will, I should choose to spend the short remainder of my days. But it can not be; this is not my rest."

It was in this same old home Grace Murray kept house for John Wesley and his preachers, and thereon "hangs a tale"—a true love tale—which will not be "continued in our next."

Being in the region, we turned aside from our Methodist exploration for awhile, in order to walk in the footsteps of

A PRE-METHODIST FATHER, THE VENERABLE BEDE

THOUSANDS of Americans yearly visit the ancient city of Durham, England, to admire its grand old cathedral and the castle which adjoins it, but few journey to Sunderland, which is only thirteen miles northeast of that picturesque old city, and to Jarrow, which is only a few miles away from this second largest coal-shipping port in the world, Newcastle-on-Tyne being the largest.

Sunderland includes Bishopwearmouth and Monkwearmouth, where still stands the old church of St. Peter, the tower of which, and pieces of wall, are the same which once formed part of the monastery of Wearmouth, whither, in the year 673 A. D., from the territory of the monastery, probably the village of Monkton, where he was born, came, or rather, like Samuel, was brought by his parents, at the early age of seven years, the child, who is now

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known as the Venerable Bede—the Monk of Jarrow.

On standing under the old tower and examining the ancient stones one certainly felt in touch with y^e ancient time.”

After about three years’ stay at this place, the boy went, with a portion of the brotherhood, to the new establishment at Jarrow, a part of the forty “hides” of land which King Egfrid had given Benedict Biscop in appreciation of his religious zeal. Under the lead of Ceolfrid, its first abbot, Jarrow was opened, and Bede was among its first occupants.

A touching fact of his boyhood days at this place is recorded. In 686 a pestilence raged in the community. All were seized with the plague, so that only Coelfrid, the abbott, *and one little boy* were able to chant the daily offices. They sang duets among the sobbing worshipers, omitting the antiphonies of the service until others were sufficiently taught to help them in the daily chants. The one little boy was, doubtless, Bede.

At this place we find the head-spring of English literature, or, a least, of English prose and of the English Scriptures. Nearly all of

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the very few writings of the island before Bede's day were ancient British. They hailed from the present Wales and Cornwall, where the Britons had been driven. For about a quarter of a century before Bede's day Northumbria had been moving in the direction of letters, and was soon to become the center of learning to Western Europe, with Bede as its representative. Of the eight prominent writers who flourished from A. D. 650 to the tenth century he excelled them all. While Southern Britain was rent with strife and battle, the North was preparing the way for the apothegm, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Here Bede became, while still young, a teacher. He gathered around him six hundred monk scholars, besides many other pupils. In this place he collected the current facts of science and art. His curriculum included "science, music, rhetoric, medicine, arithmetic, astronomy, and physics." These studies he lovingly pursued, and, putting them into books, they were scattered over all literary Europe. Forty-five volumes attest his industry.

His "Ecclesiastical History of the English

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Nation" was the first really English history; it is still an invaluable work. Its period is from A. D. 597 to 731. He wrote all his works in Latin, with the notable exception of his very last work—the translation of St. John's Gospel—which is in old English. This was the first specimen of English prose. Thus God's Word—the Fourth Gospel, which is called "the heart of Christ"—became the first piece of true English prose, and was the last work of that godly monk and greatest scholar of his times, now known as the Venerable Bede. Burke called him "the father of English learning."

The story of his life's close is thrillingly interesting. In extreme old age he set about the work of giving the Scriptures to "his boys" in the tongue of the people. He worked with great energy on St. John's Gospel to the words, "But what are they among so many?" (John vi, 9) when asthma drove him to his bed, and he could write no more. Afterward he wrote, by the hand of his pupils, until the last chapter was reached. Then his scribe said: "There is still a chapter wanting, and it is hard for thee to question thyself longer." Bede replied: "It is easily done; take thy pen and write

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quickly." The day was fast closing upon the dying translator and his youthful scribe, when the boy said, "There is yet one sentence unwritten, dear master." "Write it quickly," uttered the godly monk. "It is finished now," said the amanuensis. The dying scholar and saint replied: "Good! Thou hast spoken the truth. It is finished. Take my head unto your hands, for it pleases me much to sit over against the holy place where I was wont to pray, that, so sitting, I may call upon my Father."

Thus sitting upon the pavement of his little cell, singing, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," when he had named the Holy Ghost, with head pillowed on the hands of his loving pupil and eyes glazed in death, he sweetly glided into the "new song before the throne," blending his sweet voice with "the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."

His body was interred in the monastery of Jarrow, where it remained until the eleventh century, when, Durham Cathedral being completed, his bones were removed and placed in the Ladye Chapel of that marvelous struc-

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ture. On the black marble slab which covers his tomb is the inscription: "*Hac sunt in fossa venerabilis Bedæ ossa.*" While looking upon his tomb, the old verger told us a legend of this inscription, which says: "The monk who cut the letters was sorely troubled for a fitting word. A whole day passed, and it came not. He lay down beside his task, and fell into a troubled sleep. When he awoke an angel had descended and cut the word with the mark over it just as it stands to this day."

Thus lived, labored, died, and was buried the man who has been justly called "the first among English scholars, first among English theologians, first among English historians." May we not truthfully add, "one of the first among all God's saints who have lived upon the earth—the Venerable Bede, the monk of Jarrow?"

Monkton, Wearmouth, and Jarrow, a circuit of less than twelve miles, seem to have been the limits of his travels; but the name of Bede and his faithful work for God and his fellow-men is coextensive with the Christian Church and world.

OLD YORK AND EARLY METHODISM

THOUSANDS of American Methodist tourists who embark at New York and elsewhere for a trip to Europe and the European Continent anticipate great pleasure from a visit to the ancient city of York, England. None are disappointed. Its ancient wall, with old bars or gates still standing; its magnificent minster; its ancient towers, the Multangular and Clifford; its museum of ancient British, Roman, and Anglo-Saxon antiquities, all controlled by the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, combine to make a visit interesting and profitable. On our last visit to the old city we went in search of Methodist antiquities, and were surprised to find so many points of interest, and especially to learn of the great influence of Methodism in York to-day, where we supposed our Church was so overshadowed by the Anglican Church to be little and almost un-

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known. Meeting at the fine railway station an old friend, a York Methodist preacher, he took us to his parsonage. It was the old New Street parsonage, adjoining the spacious chapel which was built to hold from fifteen hundred to two thousand people, and which now seats one thousand. Herein, since 1805, the voices of the greatest of English Methodist preachers have been heard. In the parsonage have lived many who bore honored names. Herein were found many copies of the celebrated "fly sheets" which, like lightning flashes, split English Methodism asunder in the years 1850-51. "Clerical politics" was a live topic in those days, but the animus of the movement brought death to many of the Churches. "The split" took from the Mother Church more than eighty-six thousand members. York Circuit alone lost 1,038 members in three years. Great was the influence of one of the reputed authors of the "sheets," who was then a supernumerary in the city. These were the darkest days of English Methodism; but the morning came, and with it came the manifestation of the righteousness of the alleged "clerical politicians," and their judgment

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shone forth as the noonday. At the foot of New Street, in Lendal, stands the old Nonconformist chapel where James Parsons preached so ably many years.

We were interested in visiting the Centenary Methodist Chapel, which seats two thousand, and which is said to be the most popular and influential place of worship in the old city, the minster not excepted. Yet those Methodists still call it a chapel. Six of these chapels belong to the Wesleyans, and provide for about one-twelfth of the population. Anglicanism has the minster, eight mission-rooms, and thirty-six churches, which provide for about one-fifth of the population. The Wesleyans give more for home missions than does the Church of England in York, and nearly as much for foreign missions. Therefore, Methodist tourists in York need not "cower under an ancient shadow." York Methodists raise \$11,000 a year for missions. Its six large city chapels are well attended, and two of them are often crowded. On a recent watch-night fully one thousand were present at Centenary Chapel. That night the lord mayor, three of the aldermen, and eleven of the city councilors were

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members of the Wesleyan Church. The first Methodist in York was marched into the city between two soldiers, a prisoner from Birstal, where he had been pressed for a soldier by a plot laid by his neighbors, who were strong anti-Methodists, and hurried on to Halifax and Bradford, where he was cast into a filthy prison; thence on to Leeds. On a Monday morning, April, 1744, John Nelson was brought to York, and led into the presence of swearing officers at the Black Swan, on Coney Street. Marched thence to the guard-house, he there refused the king's bounty, after which he was haled to prison. Here, like Paul, he preached to those who visited him. After three days he was tried by court-martial, and allowed to go to his quarters, where his host kindly treated him. His few Sabbaths and other spare hours were spent in sowing the seed in that city whose fruit now appears in York Methodism. John Wesley heard of his trials, and wrote him words of cheer. He later became Wesley's companion and defender. John Wesley's first recorded visit was February 27, 1747, but his Journals imply an earlier one. He designed to reach York again in

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April, 1747, but a brutal assault on Nelson, who had been laboring there, deterred him from going just then.

We went down to the old Bedern, where, in the house of Thomas Stodhart, the little society was formed. A second was formed at the Hole in the Wall, in the Pump yard, near the minster, now a very uninviting place, used for a slaughter-house.

The most interesting spot to us was Peaseholme-green Chapel that was, which is now converted into tenements on the ground floor, and a hayloft above. This was the first Methodist chapel built in York. It is more interesting to us than York Minster, because of its being closely connected with American Methodism and Methodist missions. On Sunday, August 13, 1769, two Methodist preachers met in York by appointment made at the Leeds Conference a few days before. They were Wesley's first missionaries, Boardman and Pilmoor, who had responded to the call of Captain Webb from New York to "come over and help us." They were well known in the city and neighborhood, and were warmly welcomed, especially as being *en route* for

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America by way of London, and not Bristol, as Stevens and T. P. Bunting say. Pilmoor's Journals show that they left York by coach for London at ten o'clock that Sunday night, arriving on Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, and sailing from Gravesend on Monday, August 21st. The story of the conversion of Dr. Bunting's mother by the preaching of Boardman "on his way to London, not Bristol, to embark for America," is a very interesting one, which we can not now stop to tell.

In this old Peaseholme-green chapel, at five o'clock on that Sunday evening, Pilmoor preached to "a large and attentive audience" from Psalm lxxxix, 15, and there and then was taken the first public Methodist missionary collection. It amounted to ten shillings (\$2.50). The York Methodists were so overjoyed that they appointed a meeting for five o'clock next morning to give God thanks for the spirit of liberality which had been poured out upon them. While they were holding that early service the missionaries were on their way to America to pioneer for the coming Methodist Episcopal Church, which this year is giving "a million and a half for missions by collections

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only." The \$2.50 given by York Methodists that night was well invested. The reflex good upon the struggling and poor society in the old city is seen in the fact that it is now the banner city of English Methodism in the matter of missionary giving. When you visit the minster, be sure and visit the old Peaseholme-green chapel, which lies southwest of it.

Not a shrine, but a specimen of

RED-HOT METHODISM

THIS was the kind we found in Manchester, England—the Manchester and Salford Wesleyan Methodist Mission.

After about thirteen years of hearing and reading concerning this great work, we longed also to see it. We had learned from highest authority that herefrom Hugh Price Hughes took his fire. We had seen it blazing in the West London Mission, on former visits; now we were able to stand before the original and ever-increasing flame, and shall ourselves be more fervent in consequence.

About thirty years before we happened to be in Manchester, England's second largest city, on a Sunday and on Christmas-day. Being in the early morning of both natural and spiritual life, we were anxious to get the most possible out of the days in a strange city. On Christmas-day we attended the historic love-feast at Oldham Street. The immense

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chapel, which seated two thousand people, was filled to overflowing. We learned that people came from many miles beyond the city to attend this great feast. In the afternoon of Sunday we went to Free Trade Hall to hear a leading Baptist divine who was attracting the masses. These two spots are now the great centers of this, the greatest Methodist mission.

On a Sunday afternoon in August we went again to Oldham Street. The old chapel was not. The great Central Hall, a magnificent block of buildings, has been built upon the old site. It was reopening day, for it had been closed for repairs. What a sight we beheld! Not less than two thousand people, by actual count, were there. Being in unclerical attire, we could move about freely among the people without attracting attention of preachers or people. Taking a seat in the body of the hall, before us was the platform, with the preacher, Rev. W. H. Heap, a lively Scotsman not yet thirty-five years of age, a lady soloist, and a large orchestra of brass and stringed instruments, backed by a larger chorus choir, made up mostly of young people. In one angle of the hall behind us were about five hundred

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men, evidently of the poorer sort, the most of them greatly needing clean bodies as well as clean hearts. They had just had their free lunch, a "bun" and coffee, downstairs; for these wise workers have learned that a poor man is in better condition to receive the gospel after he has had his bodily hunger appeased. In the other angle were about three hundred women of the same class, who also had been prepared for the service. All around us and them were all sorts and conditions of people. Promptly at three o'clock the services began. All the exercises were short, spirited, and spiritual. The reverential attention of that mixed multitude would put to shame many an American congregation who would not like to be classed with them. The sermon was carefully prepared, exactly suited to the hearers and the occasion, and must have been a means of grace to very many, and certainly was an inspiration to Christian workers. The preacher will surely be more widely known in the near future. At the close, an after-meeting was announced in the chapel below. Of course, we went. About one hundred gathered here, and very soon several went forward to the

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altar-rail as seekers. At least a dozen started during this meeting. The sisters and other workers at once knelt with them, and pointed them to the cross on which He bowed his head, and which would lift them to the skies. This service over, the preacher and workers stood at the door to shake hands with each as they passed out. Several hands were dirty; but it mattered not, only that such were shaken more heartily.

This over, the workers hastened to their friendly meal, in which the "good cup of tea" has a prominent place. (Those English know how to make one as well as to drink it.) Tea over, visitation begins. The workers proceed to lodging-houses to hold meetings, and then bring lodgers to evening service. The bandsmen go to lead the street parades and advertise the services. Some go to hold brief open-air meetings, and then invite the crowd to the halls. Is it any wonder that Central and Free Trade Halls are crowded at every service?

But what about the old chapel which stood here for about a century? It is the now familiar city story: Families moved to the suburbs; the congregations dwindled; it was a

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hard struggle to carry on the Church on the old family lines of worship and work. Result, failure. In 1885, when Mr. Collier went to Manchester, the membership had run down to forty-five in full and three on probation. The congregation corresponded. The Conference sent there a man who yet had his spurs to win, but he was a true knight of the cross—Rev. S. F. Collier. Like Nehemiah, he viewed the ruins. Gathering around him a few kindred spirits, he also said, “We, His servants, will arise and build.” Perhaps never was a minister’s “godly judgment” more aided in beginning this work than was his. New lines of work were projected. Business men were interested. Volunteer workers were gathered and inspired. Things began to move. People began to flock. Discouraged saints became encouraged with signs of returning prosperity. With such counselors as Rev. Dr. H. J. Pope, and that king of men, now gone to his coronation, Rev. James E. Clapham, Mr. Collier felt strong. Soon the Conference could send him helpful colleagues. New features were added to the services. New lines of Christian work were projected until the old chapel had to be

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demolished and this new hall built. It is now the center of four other preaching-places. In these five places fourteen thousand people hear the gospel every Sunday, and twenty-five hundred gather in the five Sunday-schools. (These figures are not prophetic, but arithmetical.) The membership at Oldham Street had increased from 45 with 3 probationers, seventeen years before, to 948 with 430 probationers. The membership of the whole mission circuit was 2,187, with 740 on probation. The increase for the previous year was 217 in full and 285 probationers. The numbers are increasing yearly. The increase in class moneys in one year was \$550. What would the stewards and finance committees of our Churches not do if all our members paid class money? "Agony Sundays" would be no more. The Philistines would no longer laugh at the Israel of God in their feeble attempts to raise money to support the ark of God.

We must see and hear this pioneer of "forward movements," Mr. Collier. A large brass band, followed by a crowd, with workers scattering "fliers," announce evening service at Free Trade Hall, the Boston Music Hall of

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Manchester. Here Mr. Collier has preached Sunday evenings since 1889. We went, we saw, and we again were conquered. People were thronging there as if to a free feast. The sidewalks were lined with people. The hall was completely filled. A steward said to me: "They call us stewards; we are really packers, for we have to pack the people into these seats at every service." The congregation was more generally mixed than that of the afternoon. The music and choir were about the same. A prominent business man, who also is probably a local preacher, presided, gave out hymns, led in prayer, and read notices, while Mr. Collier, at his side, rested for the third sermon that day. Central Hall in the morning, that same platform afternoon and evening—how can he stand the strain year after year? Not over brawny, but a brainy, brave, and busy man and minister is Rev. S. F. Collier. The sermon, on the conversion of the Ethiopian, was simple, direct, and pertinent to the occasion, but by no means "great" in the usual sense of that term. Men who bring such things to pass do not preach "great" sermons.

An after-meeting in a side room and an

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open-air preaching service followed this mass-meeting. After walking ten minutes we reached the open-air meeting, and there, on a large wagon, were seated Revs. Messrs. Collier and Heap, just fresh from the great halls. A crowd of people were being addressed by one of the lay workers. At the close of this meeting an after-meeting in the chapel at Central Hall was to be held. At what time this last meeting of the day ended we know not. Mr. Collier left the open-air meeting as soon as it was well under way. I followed him, introduced myself, and walked with him to his office, where we had an instructive talk on the work of the mission. He still had before him considerable clerical work, though it was then nearly ten o'clock on Sunday night, and he had been in services nearly every hour of that day. Certainly the Holy Spirit must quicken his mortal body, as well as his heart and mind, for this great work. Besides these great meetings, and those at Wesley Institute, great Bridge-water Street, Wesley Hall, the Victoria Hall, great Ancoats Chapel, and the Winter Theater services, is the great social work carried on at the Men's Home and Labor-yard, which turned

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out \$2,500 worth of kindling wood last year; the Preventive and Training Home for Girls; the Night Shelter for Women and Coffee Tavern; the Casual Ward for Men, which last year made up sixty-five hundred beds and served thirteen thousand meals; the Medical Mission and District Nursing among the Poor; the Servants' Registry, Employment Bureau, The Goose Club, Food Depot, Cottage Missions, Girls' Institute, Lads' Clubs; the Free Breakfasts for Poor Children, and the Maternity Home work—all of which agencies of this Methodist mission are daily and nightly doing their Christlike work in that great city. "Gipsy Smith" is a member of Central Hall, meets regularly, when at home, in class, and is esteemed more highly for his works' sake at this, his home, than even in Boston and vicinity, where are so many souls who were converted, by God's blessing, on his ministry in that city. Mr. Smith is always sure of a hearty welcome when able to preach in either of the great halls of this Methodist mission to which he belongs. Mr. Collier counts the "button-hole ministry," or personal work, as the chief cause of the success of this

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mission. The large number of volunteer workers he has gathered around him is surprising. The paid workers in this great mission are very few. Their great reward is in heaven; but a happier set of Christian workers we have never yet seen than those of the Manchester and Salford Wesleyan Methodist Mission.

At the Conference held in Manchester in 1902, in the Central Hall, one of the first things done was to honor Mr. Collier by electing him to the "Legal Hundred." The following sketch of this honored servant of God appeared in the *Methodist Recorder*, of London, in July, 1902:

"Mr. Collier was born at Runcorn, in the year 1855. He comes of good Methodist stock, his father being a well-known and popular local preacher. As Thomas Champness would say, 'There was always a game-cock in the egg,' and quite as a lad he began to display the traits and abilities that have rendered him famous. He was educated at the school of Mr. Henry Mathwin, Southport, and at one time his intellectual success indicated a scholastic career; but, commencing to preach in the Southport (Trinity) Circuit, it was soon evi-

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dent that the Lord had other work for him to do, and accordingly, in 1877, he proceeded, as an accepted candidate, to Didsbury. He was a great favorite at college, thanks to his geniality, his manliness, his proficiency as a student, and his prowess in the cricket field. Even yet he can show his lads how to 'make a few.' A successful mission at Heaton Mersey proved his evangelistic ability, and he was appointed, in 1881, to be district missionary in Kent. Here, and for the three following years at Brentford, he met with great success, though he took many a good soul's breath away by his audacity and unconventionality in Christian work. In 1885 he came to Manchester to take charge of the attenuated Oldham Street congregation, dishoused during the erection of the Central Hall. Before the hall was up Mr. Collier had proved he was the man for it. He was appointed, through the influence of Dr. Pope, and all the world—the Methodist world, at any rate—knows what has followed. The last Manchester Conference found him winning his spurs in the heart of the city, and fifteen years later we find him still in Manchester—thanks to the increasing common sense of

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Methodism in the matter of difficult appointments—and at the head of the greatest organization for the salvation and uplifting of men that contemporary Christianity can show. Such, at all events, is the verdict of men like Dr. Maclaren and Dr. Robertson Nicoll. Though he hides himself behind his work, the Manchester Mission, in all its wonderful ramifications and far-reaching activities, is, under God, very largely the creation of S. F. Collier's genius. Methodism is not yet fully aware what a treasure she possesses in this man. He is the Great Heart of our Church and time. In his own field of conflict he fulfills and reminds one of Tennyson's words:

‘Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.’”

AMERICAN METHODIST HISTORIC SHRINES

HAVING, during the past twenty-four years, seven times crossed the sea in making pilgrimages to English Methodist shrines, such as are found only in Epworth, Bristol, Kingswood, London, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and such places, we last month set out to do some of the historic places in our own better land. We started from Boston, which is rich in points of National interest, but poor in Methodist antiquities, save only the library and collection of the New England Methodist Historical Society, with its spacious room in Wesleyan Building, adjoining Bromfield Street Methodist Episcopal Church. There every book is card-catalogued, so that the visitor may in a few moments see if the desired volume is in the library. A few days later we stood amid the treasures stored in the American Meth-

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odist Historical Society's rooms in Baltimore, and also those in the rooms of the Historical Society of the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at 1018 Arch Street, Philadelphia. We saw in both these places early Methodist books, pamphlets, pictures, manuscripts, relics, curios, etc., many of which can not be duplicated, and for the most of which, if one desires to purchase, he has either personally to go through the old bookstores of England and America with an X-ray, and then discover but little, or else hire some one to do so. This involves almost endless correspondence and items of expense, which foot up a surprising sum in comparison with the findings. Yet here these treasures are, many of them lying around loose, or shelved without classification and uncatalogued. These things are now invaluable, and in the near future, when God gives the Church another great historian to rewrite our Methodist history, with the help of newly-found data, these collections will be far above all price. Could we but get the ear of the custodians of these treasures, we would cry aloud, and call upon them to spare not the

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expense necessary at once to set these houses in order before they die.

We would also suggest that keys be left with the heads of the Book Depositories in the same buildings, so that proper visitors may have access to the cases. How trying to one's graces to have only a few hours to stay, and to stand—as we did in Baltimore, and came very near doing also in Philadelphia—outside of the locked-up treasures, and unable to find the holders of the keys! To be so near, and yet so far! British Methodists are waking up to the value of such things. Copying the example of their American brothers, they have organized a Methodist Historical Society in London. That tight little island is being explored for all sorts of Wesleyana. If holders of early Wesley and other Methodist publications are not willing to donate or sell, they are exhorted to catalogue and describe their treasures, and send a list thereof to headquarters, so that the whereabouts of such things may be known, and inducements offered for their safekeeping and loan for reference. The collection at Drew Theological Seminary is, on the whole, the finest we have

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seen on either side of the Atlantic, not excepting that of the Methodist Historical Society in the city of New York. Perhaps we count that the finest because we have not yet seen the recently-acquired treasures of Garrett Biblical Institute, which, from accounts given of at least three thousand rare volumes recently added, must surpass anything we have yet seen. Certainly, if President C. J. Little, D. D., does n't know a good and rare thing in this line, who on this or any other continent does? We learn that Professor Dr. Charles M. Stuart is also an enthusiast on all matters pertaining to the early history of Methodism, and especially of our own branch of the great family. We expect that when the clock strikes the hour, when the coming Methodist historian is due, he will at once set his face westward to find his material. It may be that he is now a student at Garrett, or Drew, where so much material is near at hand. Of course, we look not for him to come out of Boston Theological School, for it has almost nothing on these lines in its library to inspire him. In its zeal for the new, it is very careful to show the utmost respect for the old

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things of Methodism, though but few find place upon its shelves. Wherever the coming man is, may he succeed with the present data, as did the father of Methodist history, Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens!

Let us pause a moment and thank God for that great gift to our Church. Be it known unto you, young man, who may be called to do this work, that yours is a more honored calling than even that to the bishopric in our Church. Where is a Methodist who does n't know the name of Stevens? Where is the Methodist who can give the names of the bishops of our Church from the beginning? What preacher who has n't a "B" in his bonnet can give the names of our living bishops in the order of their election, without at least thinking it up. The name of Stevens, the historian, will be remembered when those of nearly all our bishops will be entirely forgotten. What an opportunity for great usefulness, and, if unsought, great fame thrown into the bargain, awaits the coming historian of Methodism. The hardest portion of the American field has recently been worked by that master workman, John Atkinson, D. D. Its fruit,

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the toil of years, lies at our elbow as we write; it is the goodly volume we are now rereading, "The Beginnings of the Wesleyan Movement in America." Let every reader of these lines send to our Book Concern for this volume. Put a copy into your Sunday-school library, and see that a copy is placed in your town or city library, so that all the Methodists in town may have the chance to read the fascinating story of the first seven years of Wesleyan Methodist history in America. Having done this, you will want also to get from the same Concern, "Centennial History of American Methodism," by the same author. For the future historian there are also such data as the newly-discovered "Bennett Minutes" of the earliest Methodist Conferences, published by the new Methodist Historical Society, of London, and access to Dr. Pilmoor's manuscript journals, which have changed so many statements of current Methodist histories, and are yet to change many others. That manuscript is owned by the Historical Society at Philadelphia.

How we longed to see and feel that old document that we had traveled so many miles

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to reach! But we could find no one who knew where it is stored for absolute safety. Next time, we will not omit to try and make an appointment with the librarian before we leave our New England home for the quest. With all this, and very much other later data, will not some reader, some competent preacher who has an easy charge—if such exists in the East, or in the West,—or some competent layman, like George Smith, LL. D., F. A. S., the historian of Wesleyan Methodism in England, gather new material from this mass, and give us the old, old story in a brand-new setting, with every statement up-to-date in its accuracy? Why not make Garrett Biblical Institute the central station to which all who have documents pertaining to early Methodist history shall report the same? English Methodist theological colleges have added a course in Methodist history. Would not a thorough grounding in the wonderful history of our Church at least help to stop the leakage from our theological schools and pulpits which flows into other denominations, some of which seem to be growing too feeble to generate their own ministry? The stories of ecclesiastical

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heroism and valor are not one whit less inspiring than are those of military prowess. A leading pastor of a great denomination told us, awhile ago, that, feeling himself to be getting too far off from his people, he bridged over the chasm between his pulpit and pews with Tyerman's "Life of John Wesley," from the reading of which he dates a new departure in his ministry.

A picture of a ship in full sail on the wall of a Vermont farmhouse made sailors of the three sons of that home, neither of whom had ever seen a real ship or the sea. It silently won them to Neptune's domains. Good Methodist books lying upon the table, not locked up in a case, and a good Church paper in every Methodist home, will win many a Methodist-born boy and girl to the Church of their fathers. Some who have strayed never saw such things in their homes.

THE OLDEST METHODIST CHURCH IN AMERICA—1769-1896

HAVING been born within three minutes' easy walk of the first Methodist church in the world, built in Bristol, England, by John Wesley in 1739, already described, and having been born again in the newer church, Old King Street, which almost adjoins it, we joyfully anticipated a pilgrimage to America's oldest Methodist church. Old John Street Church in New York, though standing on holy ground, is the third edifice of that oldest society in America. Its date is 1841. No intelligent Methodist, who can command a couple of hours when in New York, should fail to visit that deeply interesting and historic building. But our first point objective is the oldest Methodist church in America—St. George's, on Fourth Street, Philadelphia. Often during the past decade have we longed to ex-

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plore it. More often have we reproved ourselves, because that, when in the city in 1876, we had not interest enough in the history of the Church of which the four of our company were ministers, for either of us to suggest, even if we knew of it, that we add this to the points of interest in the city outside of the great Centennial Exposition, which took us there. We were then passing through an infantile stage of ministerial life which discounts the study of our own Church history and speaks patronizingly of things Wesleyan.

We found this sacred shrine on Fourth Street. Our first impression of its exterior, and later of its interior, was its freshness. Certainly it must have, many times in its history of one hundred and thirty-seven years, put on newness of life. In this particular it is wholly unlike Wesley's first church, in Bristol, which is greatly dilapidated, and is yearly growing more so. The neat iron railings which inclosed it, the clean front with no broken plaster, contrast favorably with the broken iron gates which open on to the dirty passage which leads off the Broadmead sidewalk up to the defaced, plastered front of

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Methodism's first church in the world. How we would care for that old building, where occurred so many events that pertain to the beginnings of American Methodism, if it were only on our shores! We are glad the Philadelphians so prize their shrine. Between the first and second windows over the main entrance we read: "St. George's Church, founded A. D. 1763. Purchased by the Methodist Society A. D. 1769. Remodeled A. D. 1837," all neatly inscribed on an oblong marble slab. A mural tablet on the left of the entrance is inscribed to the memory of "Rev. John Dickins, founder of the Methodist Book Concern of the United States, who died in 1789." On the right-hand side of this entrance is another slab which records, "The first Methodist Conference in America, consisting of ten members, was held in this church, July 14, 1773." Our traveling companion, a Congregational pastor, being a little out of his denominational latitude, was really amused at the interest which these records of the Methodist Pilgrim fathers awakened in us. New England pastors of the "standing order" always think larger thoughts of Methodism after vis-

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iting other States. We enter, and explore the building, and are again impressed with the scrupulous cleanness and neatness of everything in every part of the church. We were pained to learn the size of the average congregation which attends the faithful ministry of the much-loved pastor, whom we could not meet, he having been suddenly called to visit an injured parishioner. When we learned that she is practically the mother of four other strong Churches, and heard the story of the removals from the neighborhood, our sympathy went out toward the pastor who is stemming the tide. The present membership of 275, with a Sunday-school of 290 members, and a Christian Endeavor Society of eighty members, mean much more than larger numbers where the tide is flowing in. We confess to a feeling of incongruity on finding a Christian Endeavor Society instead of an Epworth League in the old Church; but we remembered we were in Philadelphia, in the banner State of Christian Endeavor. Here was new wine in an old bottle, and no bursting. The only approach to an explosion was from the janitor, when we asked him how it was that there was

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no Epworth League in that historic Methodist Church.

The question naturally arises, How came these early Methodists by such an edifice? The answer leads us back to the city of Methodism's first church, whence came my fellow-townsmen, Captain Thomas Webb, of the English army. Well do we remember, in our boyhood days, worshiping in the mausoleum of that grand old Methodist soldier, which he was the chief instrument in building after his return to England. His much-cherished portrait in burnt glass, from which all our American portraits have been taken, used to hang in the little old preacher's vestry of Portland Chapel. As we stand in St. George's pulpit, we remember that the first city pulpit we ever entered to preach from was Captain Webb's old pulpit, placed almost directly over the vault, which holds the tabernacle which he put off, after having been one of the chief founders of Methodism in America. This remarkably far-seeing man of God, though deprived of one bodily eye, under General Wolfe at Quebec in 1758, in 1767 or 1768 came to Philadelphia from New York, where he had

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greatly helped to found Methodism, which under Wesley in England, had been made a blessing to him. Now he came to bear his testimony in the City of Brotherly Love. He was a local preacher, and now came pioneering in Philadelphia. He seems to have had a liking for sail-lofts. One had been his chapel in New York City, and in Philadelphia he hired one near the drawbridge, which then spanned Dock Creek. Here was organized the first class-meeting in the Quaker City. The names of its seven members are preserved: James Emerson and wife, Robert Fitzgerald and wife, Miles Pennington and wife, and John Hood. At least six heads of families are found in this first Philadelphia class-meeting, which was the germ-cell of Methodism in that city.

Its present stage of evolution is a glad surprise to one from a New England city. Meetings afterwards were held "in a pothouse in Loxley's Court, which was a passage running from Arch to Cherry Street, near Fourth." Wesley had heard about the city from the Swedish pastor, Dr. Wrangle, who, on returning to Europe, called on Mr. Wesley at the old

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First Methodist Church in Bristol, and there preached for him with great acceptance. The rector of St. Paul's Church, near by, Rev. Mr. Stringer, seems to have been an ex-Methodist. Certainly he knew Mr. Wesley in England; therefore, when Webb pleaded for missionaries from England to help on the work, and Boardman and Pilmoor were sent in 1769, Mr. Wesley had a good idea of the new field. They landed at Gloucester Point, October 21, 1769, and walked to Philadelphia, where Captain Webb and others were waiting with open arms and hearts to receive them. They found in all about one hundred persons as the fruit of the labors of Webb and others for about a year. Soon the pothouse became all too small for the gathered crowds. What should they do? Captain Webb had built the first Methodist church in America in New York; but how could such a work be done in Philadelphia? On Thursday, November 23d, about four weeks after the coming of the first missionaries, they met to consult as to what could be done. Without a miracle, the very next day they worshiped in their new Methodist church—this very St. George's! How could

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this be? The slab on the front of the church partly tells the story, "Founded A. D. 1763; purchased by the Methodist Society A. D. 1769." The Dutch Presbyterians had begun to build, but were not able to finish. Tradition says some of them went to debtor's prison because of the attempt. Two thousand pounds being expended, they could go no further. It was sold by auction to a weak-minded son of a high-minded Philadelphian for £700. His father gladly sold it to Captain Webb and other Methodists for £650. They consulted about it on Thursday, November 23, 1769; bought, moved in, and worshiped next day, Friday, November 24th, and on Sunday, November 26th, had a great day in the old church in which so many great days have been experienced since, and which seems good for at least one hundred years more of service.

The story of this enterprise must have pleased Mr. Wesley. It was only a shell when they began there, as was his first church when he began services at Broadmead. The next week the workmen pounded by day, and the missionaries and Webb expounded in the even-

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ings; thus the good work went on. Just how it looked that first week we know not; but an eye-witness describes it later as "without galleries within or railing without; a dreary, cold-looking place in winter time, when, from the leaky stovepipe mended with clay, the smoke would frequently issue and fill the house. The front door was in the center. About twenty feet from the east end inside stood a square thing, not unlike a watch-box with the top sawed off, which served as a pulpit." Herein was held the first Methodist love-feast in America, March 23, 1770, nearly two months before the first was held in New York, says Pilmoor, who conducted both of them. The first Junior League—shall we call it?—was held there by Pilmoor, when, on Saturday, December 9, 1769, he "met the children for the first time." The second time was the following Saturday. Pilmoor was great man enough to be able to "stretch himself," as did the ancient prophet, upon a child. The last time we stood in old John Street Church in New York City was one Saturday afternoon, when the pastor was delightfully engaged in

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the same kind of work. Both were obeying Wesley's rule for a preacher, "Spend an hour a week with the children in every large town, whether you like it or not." The most notable event in this old church was the meeting of the first Methodist Conference in America, in 1773.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF A METHODIST APOSTLE

TRUE apostleship and apostolic succession are demonstrated by apostolical labors and success. Writers of Church history would do well to style the eighteenth century as the "second apostolic age." The pioneers and founders of Methodism on this Continent would certainly be placed in the first rank. We have just returned from a July visit to the grave of one of these. The place is the quaint old garrison city of Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, and the strongest British military and naval station in America. Of all the interesting places in the old city, one spot is more sacred to us than they all; it is found in the rear of Grafton Street Methodist Church, where, tiredly leaning against the graveyard embankment, near the back entrance to the church, along which the preacher walks when going to his pulpit, are four tombstones

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bearing the name of Black. The chief stone marks the resting-place of the tabernacle which was put off by Rev. William Black, the apostle and founder of Methodism in the British maritime provinces. These include Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick. We were led to this spot by one who had twice been pastor of this old church, and was then the able and honored editor of the *Wesleyan*—Rev. John Lathern, D. D. He was just the man we wanted to meet—full to the lips of Methodist historic lore and enthusiasm. His pen has done noble service in this cause. His diligent search has been rewarded by the rescue from oblivion of many facts and curios. He is a great admirer of the character and labors of our apostle, of whom he reverently speaks as “Bishop Black,” although he was never ordained to that office, but deacon, May 18th, and elder, May 19, 1789, at the hands of Bishop Coke. In the same year he was appointed superintendent of the societies in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, which office he held until age and infirmities disqualified him for such service.

William Black was born in Huddersfield,

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England, in 1760. In 1775 his parents emigrated to Nova Scotia, whither many families had gone to occupy the farms and lands vacated by the expulsion of the Acadians, which Longfellow's "Evangeline" has immortalized. The Black family did not settle in "Grand Pre," but in Amherst, bordering on what was afterwards called New Brunswick. Some of these immigrants were Methodists, and held meetings, though they had no preacher or pastor. At a prayer-meeting, Mr. Black was soundly converted in the nineteenth year of his age. He seems at once to have caught the genius of Methodism and went to work for the Master. Finding a copy of Wesley's sermons, he saturated his mind with them in connection with his Bible study; and then, to increase his power of expression concerning the deep things of God and his Word, he imbibed freely of the nectar which flowed from Charles Wesley's pen. After two years of home study and labor, on November 10, 1781, thus equipped in heart and mind, he set out across the Tantramar marshes on his first evangelistic tour. Log cabins were his churches, and lonely woodsmen his hearers, on this journey.

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He soon saw that centers of population were the strategic points. Windsor was the nearest center, and on May 26, 1781, he preached his first missionary sermon in Nova Scotia. On that Sunday, through all the vast domains of the present Canada, where Methodism is easily first in numbers and real strength in Upper and Lower Canada, and holds a high position in the eastern provinces, on that day, in 1781, Mr. Black was the only Methodist preacher in all the Canadas. His first text was the same that Asbury chose for his first sermon on this continent, "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." This sermon was preached at Cornwallis, on his way to Windsor, which he reached by passing through the land of Evangeline on June 5th. We visited Windsor, and, by the courtesy of the president of the Epworth League, were shown all the points of Methodist and other historic interest in that beautiful town.

After a brief trip to Halifax, the capital, we find him, on the 16th, again at Windsor, furthering the well-begun work by open-air services and organization of the forces won

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from the enemy. An old-fashioned love-feast concluded this ever-memorable visit. Up to this time Mr. Black was but an evangelist. He now becomes, in name as well as labors, an itinerant preacher. A circuit was formed, reaching to Halifax on the east, and to Annapolis on the west. Two years later two fleets and more than twenty thousand loyalist immigrants landed at Port Roseway and Shelburne, from New York, New England, and elsewhere. Among these were some Methodists from old John Street Church, New York, and other places. Black is now re-enforced by Local Preacher John Mann. He and his brother James, soon became itinerant preachers on this great circuit, which in two years was washed by the Atlantic on the one end and the mouth of the St. Lawrence on the other. Now, early in 1783, began a correspondence with Mr. Wesley, who reminds Black "that Nova Scotia [then understood to include New Brunswick] and Newfoundland were sufficient for one circuit, and it was not expedient to take in any part of the United States."

During all this time Mr. Black, notwith-

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standing his great success, keenly felt his need of a liberal education. He wrote Mr. Wesley, asking him to admit him to Kingswood School, and to send out preachers to carry on the work in the provinces. Wesley called for volunteers, but none responded. Black could not be released from the work; so, on February 17, 1784, he wisely did the next best thing under his peculiar circumstances, he took to himself a helper in the gospel, one of his own converts, for his wife—Miss Mary Gay, formerly of Boston, but then a loyalist refugee at Cumberland with her parents. For forty-three years this noble woman was his helpmeet in the gospel, and, in the seventy-third year of her age, she went up to her coronation. Her sacred dust lies beside that of her husband and her children and grandchildren in the old graveyard of Grafton Street Church. "Her memory is blessed, and her works follow her." We hear all too little of the noble women pioneers of Methodism. Mr. Wesley, on hearing of Mr. Black's marriage, wrote, saying, "that as he had entered into the marriage relation, he despaired of meeting him in this world." He never met him on earth; for

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when Black visited his native land, where he would have liked to travel a circuit, Mr. Wesley had departed.

Help Mr. Black must have; therefore he attended the famous Christmas Conference of 1784, where was organized the Methodist Episcopal Church. On his way to Baltimore he preached with great success at Boston, New York, and Long Island, whence he proceeded to Baltimore, and met Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury. At the Conference he secured two noble helpers—Freeborn Garrettson and James O. Cromwell. One of the first acts, if not the very first, after the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was to take up a missionary collection for these brethren bound for Nova Scotia. Garrettson and Cromwell soon sailed from New York, whilst Black went back to Hingham, near Boston, for his wife. The schooner putting in at Cape Cod, Black preached six sermons at Barnstable, the first Methodist sermons on that cape. Soon he is in Boston again, in abundant labors there. Like those of Boardman before him, the results of these labors, great though they were, were not organized into permanent form, else

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Jesse Lee could not later have won the crown he did in Boston. In May, 1784, he returned to Halifax, and, with Garrettson and Cromwell, toiled and triumphed from end to end of the provinces. During all this time he is unordained; but at Philadelphia, in 1789, he secured ordination with John and James Mann. In 1791 he goes to Newfoundland, where Richard Coughlin began work in 1765, one year before Embury in New York. Here Black "rode in a triumphal chariot." In 1792 Dr. Coke wished him to take charge of the missions in the West Indies. He went with Coke, returned for his family, but the Nova Scotia Methodists would not give him up. An attempt of Coke to send him to Bermuda failed, because no vessel bound thither would then carry a Methodist preacher. Henceforth, until his decease on September 8, 1834, Mr. Black lived and labored amid the scenes of his pioneer toils. August 11, 1827, with the words, "Christ is exceedingly precious; I shall soon be with him," upon her lips, his beloved wife fell asleep in Jesus. Seven years later, September 8, 1834, whilst saying, "All is well," the Rev. William Black, pioneer and founder

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of Methodism in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick, his "body with his charge laid down and ceased at once to work and live." The simple inscription upon his tombstone reads:

Filial Affection
Erects
This Stone
In Memory of
THE REV. WILLIAM BLACK,
who died 8th Sept., 1834,
Aged 74 years.
For upwards of 50 years he was engaged
In the Gospel Ministry,
And to many who now surround him on their dusty
bed he was the joyful messenger of
grace. His name is endeared to thousands,
And will be associated with their most cherished recollections in that world of bliss, where "those that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Later in the day we had the pleasure of meeting the only surviving member of the Black family—the wife of a wealthy and honored physician of Halifax, Dr. Parker, and granddaughter of Rev. William Black.

HEADSPRINGS OF METHODIST LITERATURE

I. ENGLISH

METHODIST books, newspapers, pamphlets, and tracts are every day falling from Methodist presses like leaves from the tree of life for the healing of nations. Let us briefly trace this broad river of water of life to its sources. The sources are Wesleyan. Passing over the works of the father of the Wesleys, whose "Maggots," "Athenian Gazette," "Life of Christ" (1693), and "The History of the Old and New Testament Attempted in Verse" (1704), "Dissertationes In Librum Jobi," all in splendid preservation, look down from my shelves as I write, we find the springs of Methodist literature in the hearts and minds of John and Charles Wesley. John Wesley's first venture to print was in 1733, when "A Collection of Forms of Prayer for Every Day in the

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Week" appeared. It was "for the use of my pupils." After the Methodist movement began, it went through at least eight editions for the use of Methodists. "A Treatise on Christian Prudence," his second venture, in 1734, was also sent through four editions in fifty years. In 1735 "The Christian's Pattern," extracted from the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, followed. It also is still issued by the original Book Concern in London. We were greatly interested whilst exploring this old Wesleyan Methodist Book Room in City Road. How the mouth watered, as in the Conference library, in the attic of the building, we saw and handled first editions of nearly all the publications of John and Charles Wesley! Grace abounded; for, though allowed to stay alone as long as we pleased, we did not even crack the command, "Thou shalt not covet." John Wesley's first printed sermon appeared in 1735. It was first republished in a volume of Charles Wesley's sermons issued in 1816. After another sermon in 1735, America is to print his next work, "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns," Charleston, printed by Lewis Timothy, 1737. Mr. Brooke,

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of London, the finder of a copy of this work unknown to most of our Methodist hymnologists, told me the story of its discovery by himself. Only two original copies are known to exist. This lucky find leads to America as the headspring of Wesleyan hymnology. Two other hymn-books with this same title, and a third with "For the Lord's Day" added, were issued in 1738, 1741, and 1784, respectively, all printed in London, but each different from the other. My first class-leader, the late Rev. S. R. Hall, owned one of the only two known copies of 1738. The other may be seen in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth Palace. Its American namesake of 1737 has deprived it of the long-worn honor of being the first Methodist hymn-book. Wesley's first named English printer and publisher was C. Rivington, at the Bible and Crown, in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1735.

On his return from America in 1738, his publisher was the good Moravian, "James Hutton at the Bible and Sun, next the Rose Tavern without Temple Bar." Probably he made his acquaintance at Fetter Lane Chapel, near by. After his break with the Moravians

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his unsold books were stored in Mr. Bray's house in Little Britain, until in 1739, when the Foundry was taken, repaired, and the end of the bandroom fitted with shelves for the first Methodist Book Concern. Here were its headquarters for forty years, until removed to City Road Chapel premises. During this time, "Sold at the Foundry" was the familiar phrase. Wesley's first book "agents" were Thomas Butts and William Briggs. They were succeeded by Samuel Francks. He was the man who packed up the parcel of books included in the fifty pounds collected for Boardman and Pilmoor, Wesley's first missionaries to America. "Poor Francks," as John Wesley called him, under pressure of disease, hanged himself in the Foundry in 1773. A fortnight later, Matthews, the Foundry schoolmaster, followed his sad example. Mr. Wesley then appointed his first Book Steward, John Atlay. He served five years, though he showed his incompetence by telling Mr. Wesley that his London stock of books was worth £13,000, when its real worth was only £5,000. George Whitfield (not the great evangelist Whitefield) followed, from

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1779 to 1804; Robert Lomas, from 1804 to 1808; Thomas Blanchard, from 1808 to 1823; John Kershaw, from 1823 to 1827, when John Mason was called to the helm. He, during his nearly thirty-seven years of service, saved it from financial wreck, and, within half an hour of taking his hand from the helm, in 1864, "his body with his charge laid down, and ceased at once to work and live." Dr. Jobson succeeded him, until his death in 1881. The present Book Steward is well known to American Methodists—the Rev. Charles H. Kelley, D. D. The new headquarters from which came all our English supplies from 1777 to 1808 was the house adjoining the Morning Chapel, and the packing and storage was done under the Morning Chapel. When removed to its present quarters, 14 City Road, Joseph Benson occupied the vacated house, and there wrote his commentary on the Bible. Wesley seems to have had the most of his books printed in Bristol, where he really began his evangelistic work, and where he built his first church, and where Charles Wesley lived and wrote for twenty-two years.

Two printers' names are familiar on the

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title-pages of early Methodist books and pamphlets—Farley and Pine, Bristol. John Wesley's sermon on "Free Grace," which drove off the Calvinists, was preached in Bristol in 1739, and printed by S. and F. Farley. These were sons of Samuel Farley, who founded the *Bristol Postman* in 1713, continued in the *Bristol Times and Mirror* of to-day, the oldest Bristol newspaper. John Wesley thus sought the best printer for his works. Samuel and Felix, and Elizabeth, the widow of Felix Farley, printed for him until he changed, in 1759, to John Grabham and William Pine. It was Pine who so mutilated Wesley's notes on the Old Testament in 1765. From three great centers all the earliest Methodist literature flowed over the world—from London, Bristol, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here was stored the ammunition with which the devil was fought by means of printer's ink and Wesley's free-press gang. From the first work of John Wesley, from the press in 1733, until the last one in 1791, which was probably "The New Testament, with an Analysis of the Several Books and Chapters," no less than four hundred and thirteen pub-

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lications were issued by John and Charles Wesley. The *Arminian Magazine* was in its fourteenth yearly volume when he died. It is issued in monthly parts until this day, and its able editor, Rev. W. L. Watkinson, a delegate to our General Conference, charmed American Methodists with his Christian spirit and God-given gifts, which he is now using in the work of this, the oldest religious magazine extant. It is now in its one hundred and twenty-fifth year. A complete set, with more than thirteen hundred portraits, and not a page nor letter missing, have their calf backs toward me as I write. Alongside of them is "The Christian Library," complete in fifty volumes. This work John Wesley projected in his little attic study in the second Methodist church in the world, known as the "Orphan House," in Newcastle-on-Tyne. There Grace Murray kept house for Wesley and his preachers. But for the interference of Whitefield and Charles Wesley she would have become Wesley's wife. The building was demolished, but the little study, eleven feet square, was bought by Sol. Mease, Esq., and taken, piece by piece, to his estate in

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North Shields, and re-erected, where it may be seen to-day. In it he decided on "a popular library of three, or even fourscore volumes." He completed it in fifty. He lost "above £200" by the venture. In 1771 John Wesley published the first edition of his "Collected works" in thirty-two volumes. A copy of that edition is ranged above the "Christian Library," together with many other rare Wesley publications, such as "Wesley's Philosophy," five volumes; "Ecclesiastical History," four volumes; "History of England," four volumes; and—will you believe it?—Wesley's novel, "The Fool of Quality," by Henry Brooke, abridged and issued in two volumes under the title of "The History of Henry, Earl of Moreland," for the use of Methodists. A copy of each of John Wesley's only two music books, "Sacred Melody with Grounds of Vocal Music," 1770, and "Sacred Melody," 1781, and a large number of earliest editions of hymns, etc., in tract form, help make up my collection of earliest Wesleyan literature. If the forbearing reader will allow, we will lead him up to the headsprings of American Methodist literature before bidding him adieu.

HEADSPRINGS OF METHODIST LITERATURE

II. AMERICAN

PREACHING and printing have been two great agencies by which Methodists from the beginning have sought to extend Christ's kingdom in the earth. The Prophet Wesley wrote as well as spoke. He also encouraged his helpers to write as well as speak. He insisted that his preachers should at least distribute good books among the people. Of the products of his own pen and scissors we have already spoken. Whitefield was a preacher; Wesley was a preacher, writer, and organizer. The living voice ceased, the organization remained, and the printed page yet speaketh. True to its genius, Methodism in America adopted the pen and the press as its handmaids for service. The earliest Wesleyan books were the few brought over in the trunks and bags of the immigrants, who came chiefly from Ireland.

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The first bit of American Methodist literature we know of is a quarterly ticket issued by Robert Williams, the Irish itinerant, who preceded Boardman and Pilmoor by about two months in New York in 1769. He was impatient for the battle, and, with Wesley's consent, came over and labored on the self-supporting plan, agreeing to submit himself to Wesley's missionaries on their arrival. Under his ministry, Jesse Lee, the apostle of New England Methodism, was converted. He, on his own authority, reprinted and circulated Wesley's sermons. He was the first Methodist publisher in America. The Book Concern was all his own until the Conference of 1773 regulated him and it. The books brought from England by Boardman and Pilmoor as a part of the contribution of English Methodists to the John Street Church's debt really formed the nucleus of our first Book Depository. Captain Webb and others sold them for the society.

The first native American Methodist author was William Watters. His first work, which was anonymous, "A Short Account of the Life and Death of William Adams, a Youth of Virginia, Drawn up by a Friend Personally Ac-

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quainted with the Deceased," was printed, after much effort by Watters to find a publisher, by "Melchior Steiner, in Race Street, near Third Street, Philadelphia, MDCCLXXXII." One copy of the three thousand then printed is treasured in the American Methodist Historical Society of Baltimore. It is to be congratulated on possessing a copy of this "the first literary product of American Methodism." We know of no other copy. The subject of the memoir was Watters's brother-in-law. In 1806 "A Short Account of the Christian Experience and Ministerial Labors of William Watters, Drawn up by Himself," appeared. Until 1789 Methodist books were either imported from England, or published by individual enterprise. Then, as in English Methodism, a Book Steward was appointed in the person of John Dickins, who was also a preacher in charge at Philadelphia. Associated with him were Philip Cox and William Thomas, who operated the Western, while Dickins cared for the Eastern section of the work. In 1790 the Concern found a local habitation as well as a name, for "Methodist books for sale" might have been seen at 43 Fourth Street, very near the spot

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where Watters found a publisher for his first book, eight years before. The earliest known catalogue is found bound up with "Posthumous Pieces of Rev. John William de la Flechere," etc., dated 1793, two years older than the catalogue published in the "Methodist Year-Book," 1895. The story of John Dickins borrowing \$600 of himself in order to found the business is well known. The new establishment seemed to regard itself as subject to the law of the itinerancy, for in 1792 it moved into 182 Race Street; in 1794 to No. 44 North Second Street, near Arch; in 1795 to No. 50 on the same street, where it remained until the death of Mr. Dickins, in 1798. Then the little Concern was \$4,500 in debt, but the assets yielded about \$4,000 as the net gain over all liabilities of Dickins's nine years of administration. He issued eighteen different works. As no printing was done on the premises, to itinerate was easy. One horse and cart could do the business in a short time.

In 1799, Ezekiel Cooper succeeded Dickins. He moved to No. 47 North Fourth Street, and in 1800 moved again to No. 18 on the same street, which continued to be headquarters un-

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til, by vote of the General Conference, in 1804, it was removed to New York, evidently to the satisfaction of the Philadelphians, who did not seem to value its presence among them. Baltimore came within two votes of securing it. The first printers were not Pritchard and Hall, as commonly reported, for my first American edition of Wesley's Notes on the New Testament says: Vol. I, "printed by John Cruikshank;" Vol. II, by "Charles Cist;" Vol. III, by "Pritchard and Hall." Parry and Hall, Henry Tuckniss, William W. Woodward, and "Solomon W. Conrad of Pewter-Platter Alley, No. 22," successively printed for the Concern during its location in the Quaker City. Ezekiel Cooper, pastor and book steward, closed his first quadrennium with property valued at \$27,000, a net gain in four years of \$23,000. Why the Philadelphians were not proud of this good work in their city we can not tell. Removed to New York City it, in 1804, located in Gold Street. The city directory of 1805 shows it had moved to 249 Pearl Street, where it remained three or four years, then moved to Church Street, corner of White Street, numbered and renumbered 139, 168, and 192, but

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all on the corner of White Street. Here it had a Sabbatic rest, for not until 1816 did it move again, this time to 41 John Street, not far from the first Methodist church in America. The directory of 1818 locates it here, whence in 1821 it moved to 5 Chatham Square, where two larger rooms were secured. In 1823-4 we find it at 55 Fulton Street, with a bindery, started in 1822, in the basement of the Wesleyan Seminary in Crosby Street. Nathan Bangs made this new departure, and, with John Emory, appointed in 1824, opened a printing office in the upper story of the Academy Building. This was the first Methodist press in America. Both English and American Methodism henceforth do their own printing. It was a success from the first. In 1824 the Academy Building was bought, and enlarged, in 1827, by a front section. This was a bold venture, and proved to be a great success. Until 1833 all our Methodist literature flowed out from this headspring.

In 1832, Beverly Waugh and Thomas Mason became Agents. The next year they erected the elegant and commodious building at 200 Mulberry Street, which, three years later, was

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totally destroyed by fire at a loss to the house of \$250,000. Now, for the first time, the Concern asked for contributions, which were soon secured to the amount of \$89,000, with which they rebuilt, on the same site, the fine structure which was used until 1870, when 805 Broadway was purchased, with a view to having all departments under one roof. This was found impracticable, and the magnificent structure, 150 Fifth Avenue, which cost the Church about \$1,000,000, was built. We recently explored it from cellar to attic, and concluded that, after fourteen removals, it had at last found suitable quarters, and could certainly now gratefully ask to be released from the itinerant plan for a long term of years at the least. From out this springhouse flows a continuous stream of pure literature westward, until it is joined by that which flows from the Western Concern at Cincinnati, which, from being a mere eddy in 1820, has become a mighty fountain-head, until its volume has become greater than that of the parent spring. During the administration of Dr. (now Bishop) Cranston and his associates it has handed over to benevolences more than the original capital he found when he entered

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the office. From these two centers and their Depositories at Boston, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Detroit, San Francisco, Chicago, and Kansas City, and from other centers, such as at Baltimore, which are not technically Depositories, come pure books and periodicals, which should find their way into all Methodist homes.

When Methodist parents refuse to take a Church paper because, being better, it costs a little more than some others, how can they wonder that their children imbibe strange notions, and become estranged from the Church of their parents? When Methodist Sunday-schools refuse to buy of their own mother, at the old stand, where they can be sure of what they put into the library, because irresponsible publishers offer books the same size in bulk for a trifle less money, what wonder if such schools fail of their mission? If every Methodist would be loyal to our Book Concerns for the next quadrennium, and take and read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest one of our good Church papers each week, we would be able to chronicle more stalwart Methodist Christians—more, and of better quality than we can now conceive. Let us be loyal to our own Methodist literature.

APPENDIX

A GREAT WESLEYAN—WILLIAM ARTHUR AS A SPIRITUAL POWER

[Reprinted from *The Homiletic Monthly*, February, 1902.]

AMONG God's greatest gifts to his Church during the nineteenth century, "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry," was his gift to the Wesleyan branch of the Church, and through them to the whole Church, and to the world—the gift of William Arthur. Viewed as student, missionary, missionary advocate, educator, or preacher, in any one of these lights he was indeed a great spiritual power. The early Wesleyans complained to John Wesley that he spent too much time in evangelizing Ireland. He bade them have patience, and Ireland would repay for the work done there. It did well repay. The

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pioneers of Methodism in America were Irish immigrants. Barbara Heck, the mother of American Methodism; Philip Embury and Robert Strawbridge, the first preachers, were Irish Methodists. Ireland gave to English Methodism Adam Clarke, the great Bible commentator, and many of her early preachers. Had Ireland produced only William Arthur, then John Wesley's labors would have been well repaid.

William Arthur was well born. His parents were always "church" people at Glendum, near Kells, in County Antrim, where, on February 3, 1819, William was born to them. At twelve years of age he was taken to Newport, near Westport, in County Mayo, where he was born again, by God's blessing upon Methodist preaching in that place. He was called to preach as a local preacher at sixteen years of age. His gifts, graces, and usefulness for two years as a local preacher resulted in his being accepted as a candidate for the traveling connection in the Irish Conference in 1837. He had been educated under the Rev. Mr. Creighton, a Presbyterian, who kept what was regarded as the best school in the west of

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Ireland. He was also a member of the rector's Sunday-school class in Newport. Thus the Episcopal and the Presbyterian Churches of Ireland influenced his young life. It remained for Methodism to lead him to the life eternal. About 1835 the Rev. John Holmes, stationed at Westport, held a Methodist mission in Newport. The good rector said: "Ah, there is one lad there who is too wise a bird to be caught with Methodist chaff." He was caught and converted to Christ and to the Methodist Church. He spent one year in a merchant's office, there tasting business life. He was a great reader, especially of poetry.

When he stood at the bar of the Conference, at Cork, seeking admission, he was a very desirable candidate. Dr. Jabez Bunting was president. Looking at him, he said to one of the leading ministers, "I wish you would give us that young man for India." The Rev. Thomas Waugh replied, "Then we make you a present of him for India." He was sent to the Theological Institution at Hoxton, near London. He entered in 1837. The college then had John Hunt, James Calvert, and William Arthur—a holy and useful trio. John

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Hunt's favorite theme was entire sanctification. This he professed to experience, and of this he wrote. His missionary labors were great, but James Calvert, his fellow-student, became one of the greatest of missionaries. William Arthur in many respects became the greatest of the three. One who knew him there said that at college he was devoutly pious. At the college prayer-meetings he literally poured out his soul unto God in prayer for the salvation of the world. One one occasion he was so earnest in prayer that he was picked up by a fellow student from the floor in a state of unconsciousness, so mightily had he wrestled with God. Hoxton College was to him the upper-room, where he received great baptisms for his future ministry. He was a spiritual power among his fellow-students. How much they owed to him no mortal tongue can tell.

While there he used to preach occasionally at old Middlesex Chapel, in Hackney. A mutual friend, who used then to hear him, describes him as "a wiry little man, full of activity." He boarded with the Rev. Elijah Hoole, D. D., a returned missionary from India. At this home and school he was trained

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for work in Mysore, for which he sailed in 1839. Ill health necessitated his return in 1841. All this proved to be a part of his training for his great life work in Great Britain. His experiences in India enabled him to write one of his best books, "Mission to the Mysore," which was published in 1847, after it had appeared in *The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*. Henceforth his mission was to Boulogne, Paris, Belfast in Ireland, but chiefly to London and all England. For eight or ten years after his return from India, says one who knew, "he might fairly be described as the most popular speaker in England." His two years in India had so broken his health that for months after his return he could neither read nor write. This he turned to his advantage by disciplining himself so that he could think out, and think through, his speeches and sermons without putting pen to paper. This mental method of preparation proved invaluable to him in later years. On his return in 1841 he labored for one year in City Road Chapel, London—Wesley's chapel. Then he was for three years in the employ of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary

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Committee, which sent him all over England in its advocacy. With him upon the missionary platforms, they were centers of attraction and spiritual power. In 1846 he was sent to Boulogne, and in 1847 to Paris. For two years in the capital city of France he drew and held large congregations.

In the Conference of 1848 he was asked for as a fifth secretary of the Missionary Society, "to speak at the chief public meetings throughout the land, and to stir up the collectors everywhere." In pleading for this, Dr. Gregory said: "It has been my happy lot to hear Mr. Arthur on the platform many times and in many places, and I could not but regard him as one of the greatest of Anglo-Irish orators, with all the glow and lofty passion of a Grattan, and all his dignified and compressed argumentativeness." But he was sent back to Paris until 1849, when he returned to London to labor in the Hinde Street Circuit. Being now thirty years of age, and settled in circuit work, he married a most estimable Christian lady, Miss Ogle, of Leeds. He had a fortune in her, and soon a goodly fortune came to him with her. Heretofore his means had been very

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limited. The next year he was removed to Great Queen Street Circuit, London. His ministry there was cut short by Dr. Bunting's retirement from the missionary secretaryship, in 1851, he having been appointed to succeed the great Doctor. Though then only thirty-two years of age, he had become famous as a lecturer. Freemason's Hall resounded with his great lectures on "Mohammedanism" in 1847, "The French Revolution of 1848." Of this he had been an eyewitness in Paris. Then Exeter Hall rang with his "The Church in the Catacombs," "Heroes," "The Extent, Moral Statistics, etc., of the British Empire." This last was a marvelous production. Not a word of it had been written before delivery. It was fully reported by a stenographer and revised by the author. The Young Men's Christian Association and the Bible Society had no abler lecturer and advocate than William Arthur, now secretary of the Missionary Society. His defense of the "Old Body" in the great agitation of the "Reformers," especially his appeal against the cry, "Stop the Supplies," were marvels of eloquence, and greatly helped to stem the tide of fierce opposition.

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During those years of trial no one man or minister did more to save Wesleyan Methodism from disintegration than did William Arthur. The Christlike spirit of the orator, his holy calm amid the strife of those times, held many leading families to the Church of their fathers. This appointment as missionary secretary practically ended his life as a circuit preacher, but opened out to him a field of very great usefulness. A hearer of one of his missionary speeches says: "He told the story of his mission in India, and how he toiled in vain, as it seemed to him; how his colleague was stricken and died, and how he himself, not knowing how soon he might follow him, dug his grave and buried him, not a native sympathizer being present. He concluded by saying that he did not tell the story to rouse sympathy for individuals. All they had done, or could do, was too little for so good a cause, and then followed a brilliant appeal, in which he indulged in a little pleasantry."

He was greatly handicapped in his work by poor health. Oftentimes he could not see to read. Frequently he lost his voice. When

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he could not speak, but could see to write, he wrote his addresses and borrowed a voice to deliver them, sometimes sitting by the reader of his own productions. He kept a busy as well as a gifted pen, as the long list of his writings shows. We will not here enumerate the list, of which "The Tongue of Fire" is certainly the greatest as a spiritual power. If every preacher would but read it through at least once a year, it would certainly fire his soul with new enthusiasm for the souls of men. This was written by an amenuensis, a warm-hearted Irishman, who told a friend of ours that "when Mr. Arthur gave him the closing paragraph of that work he rose from his seat, crossed over to Mr. Arthur, gripped his hand, and said that generations to come would bless him for such words of inspiration." It was a true prophecy. William Arthur's "Tongue of Fire" still speaks to the Church, to our spiritual profit. Perhaps "The Duty of Giving Away a Stated Portion of Our Income" stands next to "The Tongue of Fire" as a spiritual power. The substance of this he used to give in a lecture on "Gold and the Gospel." On this theme he discoursed in Broadway Taber-

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nacle, New York City, during his first visit to America in 1855. It was published in "Arthur in America," by Strickland, in 1856. He practiced what he preached on giving to God's cause. When he was poor, he gave out of his poverty; when rich, he gave of his abundance. He reckoned himself God's steward, whether he owned only shillings or sovereigns. His "Successful Merchant" had a very large sale for a book of its kind, and greatly helped Christian business men of at least two generations.

Probably to many readers the pulpit will be the most interesting place in which to see William Arthur. The first time we heard this saintly preacher was in 1862. We see him now as he emerges from the preacher's vestry: his slightly built frame, firm step, pale but beautiful face, full of refinement. He walked down those vestry stairs as though he had first been up on the mount communing with God. He had been there, as was his wont, before preaching. As he ascended the pulpit stairs he glanced at the congregation and seemed to say, "I have a message from God for you to-day." His reading of the service from the

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Book of Common Prayer was full of spirit and of life. His extempore prayer before the sermon showed he had power with God. His text that morning was one of his favorites: "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." (Rev. vii, 17.) For about forty minutes we sat as it were in the heavenly place in Christ Jesus. The clear thought of the discourse made listening easy. The simple yet beautiful diction and the silvery utterance of the speaker arrested and held the audience until the close of the service. Pervading the whole sermon was that undefinable "unction" which only those who feel it know. The influence of that morning service is with us yet. We expect to carry some of it with us up to that throne about which the preacher discoursed that morning. Never can we forget a later discourse of his on "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." He himself enjoyed the perfect love about which he preached. The sermon clarified all our previous reading and thinking on that

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great text and subject. The greatest occasion on which we listened to him was at the Conference in Bristol in 1867. He was ex-president that year. As such he delivered the charge to sixty-two newly-ordained ministers. It was based on: "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." (1 Tim. iv, 16.) He began by saying: "Here you have the end of your calling, the means to that end, and the reward if those means are used." He first drew the awful picture of an ordained minister who does not save himself; instancing Judas the apostle and apostate. He pictured a mother showing portraits of ministers in the magazine, and extolling their virtues, but passing hurriedly over the portrait of a fallen minister. He urged the young men to seek to be *saved from a damaged reputation, a barren respectability*, a mere holding one's own on a circuit or charge, without aggressive work, and deep and broad Christian teaching and life. In order to this, "Take heed to thyself." "You will never *happen* to be a successful minister." Take heed to your experience that

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it be renewed each day. Take heed to your spirit. Take heed to the gift of God that is in you. Also covet and seek new gifts. Take heed to your conversation, including your speech in social life, and general deportment at home and on the street. Teach only the Word of God. Do not set up fictitious sins and fictitious virtues; bind heavier burdens for yourself than for other people.

Then after sound advice to circuit preachers there followed golden words on sermonizing, which apply to all preachers. As we were then making our first attempts at sermonic preparation, these words burned themselves into our mind. Do not say: "Now I have got a stock of sermons; I have so many, and they will last me ever so long." I shall not go so far as to say, as I have heard one venerable man say, "Burn all your old sermons;" but I would rather that than say, "Preach all your old sermons over again." Perhaps you could not do better than never to look at your old sermons again. You have a certain amount of time for study, and it is for you to see how you can lay it out to account, whether by warming up your cold, old thoughts, or using them for

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a stepping-stone to new thoughts. Calculate which is best for yourselves and for your people. But you may say, "Are my old thoughts to perish?" No; if you are getting new sermons, all that is old will do again with new connections, with new setting, new life and vigor. But you will say, "I preached a sermon at such a time and it was blessed." Then preach it again; but remember, in proportion as you keep to the same words, it is less likely to be the same sermon. There is much more in a sermon than composition. If you put the composition of a youth of twenty-three upon a man of fifty it suits as ill as his boyish coat would. The people know it; it does not set well. Whereas if all the mere composition has been forgotten, and only the staple of thought remains, it will be like the man himself, who every year is changed in every particle, but somehow he remains the same man. Let a constant, living power be assimilating all your studies to the sacred life. The assimilation of a man's thoughts to the word, to the moment, to the people of this age are things that you can not fish out of the dead past; you must get them to-day. Go and make ser-

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mons every week ; as sure as you give up making fresh sermons your growth as a preacher is over ; you will never grow from that day ; you will begin to decay and fall away. The more new sermons you make the more you will be able to make ; the more texts you review and analyze and pass through your mind, the more you will be able to do ; and the more you willingly work the more easily you will do it. Go on, then ; take heed to yourselves and the doctrine ; continue in it, and if you do you will have your reward. Then followed joyful pictures of the fulfillment of the implied promise in the text, "Then thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee," which the faithful preacher will have in the hearts and homes made glad because salvation has come to them. A few words to the fathers of the Conference closed this wonderful charge, so full of practical suggestions and so endued with spiritual power.

At this Conference, in 1867, Dr. Arthur was appointed to the newly-built college at Belfast, Ireland. The Missionary Society could ill spare him, but Ireland claimed and won back her own son. Here for four years he was not

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merely an intellectual, but chiefly a spiritual, power among the young men under his care. In 1871 he returned to London and remained honorary secretary of the Missionary Committee, which he loved so well. His work as a public speaker had now about reached its end, but his pen he kept ever busy. In 1880, and again in 1891, he revisited America, where lives one of his daughters, who married Mr. Anderson Fowler, the well-known merchant of New York and Chicago. His presence was greatly missed at the Ecumenical Methodist Conference, in 1901, in London. He had been profoundly interested in each of the two preceding Conferences.

God did much for William Arthur in the way of natural gifts. His mind was clear and penetrating. He could see a subject in a helpful aspect, and then think himself into and through that subject until he had it so well in hand as to give it to his fellow-men for their edification. His written and spoken addresses were always clear, never weighted with "the dignity of dullness." His bodily infirmities, such as loss of sight, instead of discouraging him, were turned to account. When he could

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not write his thoughts on paper, he graved them into his mind and memory. He thus cultivated that wonderfully helpful power to a preacher, the mental method of preparation of discourse without putting pen to paper. His voice was clear and penetrating, though not loud. His gestures were few, but impressive. He always impressed his hearers as being genuinely sincere in every utterance. No man ever could charge him with duplicity.

The secret of this great man's spiritual power is an open one. It was his personal goodness. He was most emphatically a spiritual man. He was full of faith and of good works. It was the *man* back of the sermon, the speech, the book, which gave to each its power. It was God in the man. Surely William Arthur was first and chief of all a Godly man. He was a God-possessed man. He was divinely enthused. Whether he wrote or spoke, he wrote or spoke for God to men. An ordinary business letter of his now before us reveals the busy, earnest student and economist of time. It is about a new book "from the pen of one Rev. John F. Hurst, M. A.," now Bishop Hurst. His consecration to God was

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full and steadfast. It was purse-and-all as well as personal. From the first he gave very largely of his substance unto the Lord. He was not content to give one-tenth only. When his means were very limited, he did not excuse himself from giving to the point of great sacrifice. He denied himself many things he felt he could not afford ; but he always felt he could not afford to refrain from giving unto the Lord. The foundation of years of bodily weakness and suffering was laid by an act of self-denial. He himself tells the story in a private letter to a friend. It was after "a prodigious meeting" in Exeter Hall, in 1847. He writes: "When we got out it rained hard. I could not afford to take a cab. I mounted on the knife-board of an omnibus and had no umbrella. I was worn down with overwork, preaching and speaking more than was enough for two men of my strength, and doing the work of editor, which post I temporarily filled after J. S. Stamp broke down. So I caught a chill. And sitting there, where Smith sits, I turned to J. Gilchrist Wilson, who sat beside me, and said, 'I am spitting blood.' That was the beginning of my utter breakdown."

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William Arthur was an example of a preacher working under and rising superior to bodily infirmities. Robert Hall, the prince of preachers, and Frederick W. Robertson, one of the greatest pulpit kings of the last century, and Charles H. Spurgeon, the latest of the great Puritans, all worked under, what would be to many, insurmountable bodily difficulties. Yet they toiled on, and while not glorying in their infirmities, they did triumph over them. Of all men the preacher needs a sound mind in a sound body; but if the latter is denied him, happy is he who makes the most of the little physical power at his command. The tabernacle which William Arthur put off was at its best but a weak earthly house, but a strong man lived in it, a white soul shone out from it.

God has called back this, his great gift, from the Church on earth to higher ministries in the Church above; but William Arthur, though no longer seen on earth, is a spiritual power in the Church and in the world to-day. There is still no more inspiring book for the preacher than the one so greatly blessed half a century ago—"The Tongue of Fire."

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN METH- ODISM, COMPARED AND CONTRASTED

ALL English Methodism is divided into seven parts. All American Methodism is divided into seventeen parts. Our comparisons are between the mother Church in Great Britain and the daughter Church in America; that is, The Wesleyan Methodist Church of England and The Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

For our readers it will not be necessary for us to make many contrasts. They will occur to us as we proceed. Strange as it may appear to us, the legal title, "The Wesleyan Methodist Church," was not adopted until 1887. Until then that great and influential body of English Christians were content to be called not a Church, but a Connection and a Society. These terms were used in the

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Minutes of Conference, the hymn-books, and in all legal documents until, after agitation in 1886-7, the question of change of name was sent out to all the quarterly meetings of the Connection, and a majority voted for the change. Then the Annual Conference of 1887 voted to have the name legally changed, and to stand no longer before the world as a mere Society, or a connection of societies, a sort of Annex to the National Church, but as an independent branch of the one Church of Christ in England and elsewhere.

The heated controversy on this "Church" question was really amusing to at least one member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has been known as a Church from its beginning. Thus the daughter claimed to be, and was recognized as a "Church" more than a hundred years before the mother in England. It naturally followed that the houses of worship in America are called churches; whereas in England until this day the majority of them are still called "chapels," though some of them are most beautiful Gothic structures, and are finely appointed. But gradually "chapel" is dropping out of use, and Wes-

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leyan Methodist houses of worship are being rightly named "churches." This change provoked much controversy, and called forth articles from Church of England parsons on the old question of whether Methodism is a "Church or a sect." One Canon Hammond figured prominently on the Church of England side. He was ably answered by Drs. Rigg, Beet, and others of the Wesleysans. Modern Wesleyans in England seemed no longer disposed to "cower under an ancient shadow;" but to stand out before the world as a Church, and as a mother of Churches, whose oldest and largest daughter is the Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

ON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH

Until February 28, 1784, Wesley himself seems to have been both constitution and by-laws of all Methodism. He called his preachers periodically for conferences. He invited to them some Church of England clergy, and sometimes laymen, who sympathized with his work. After they had conferred together, he seems to have done just what seemed to him

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best to do for the work. He himself made the appointments, saying to one go, and he goeth, and to another come, and he cometh.

The immediate occasion of Wesley's giving to the society a legal constitution was a trustee controversy. Birstal trustees claimed the right to appoint preachers to their chapel after Wesley's death. With his usual foresight, Wesley saw this meant the wreck of Methodism in the near future. Being now eighty-one years of age, he concluded that it was time to secure the societies after his decease. He therefore selected from his preachers one hundred to form a Legal Conference. They were to meet once a year, fill vacancies, appoint a president and secretary, station the preachers, admit to the ministry, and generally oversee the societies. This is still the Legal Conference of British Methodism.

In the selection of those one hundred men, many were disappointed in not finding themselves or their friends among the chosen ones. Three of these were: John Hampson, his son John Hampson, Jr., in England; and Joseph Pilmoor, in America. They all left Methodism. John Hampson became a dissenting

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minister. John Hampson, Jr., entered the Church of England, became rector of Sunderland, and wrote an unfriendly "Life of John Wesley" in three volumes. This was the first of the great lives of Wesley. It is now so rare as to be seldom seen. Pilmoor became a Protestant Episcopal clergyman in Philadelphia. He seems never to have entirely lost interest in Methodism, for until his death he contributed yearly to the "Wornout Preachers' Fund."

DOCUMENTARY CONSTITUTIONS

The "Deed of Declaration," or "Poll Deed," as it is often called, was executed in 1784, the same year in which was organized the Methodist Episcopal Church of America; two great events in Methodist history. The Poll Deed also made the British Conference a legal body in 1784. "The Plan of Pacification" in 1795, and its completion in 1797, have been recognized by British Methodists as their "Magna Charta," and "Bill of Rights." The finishing touches, which completed the documentary Constitution of British Methodism, were "The Leeds Regulations" of 1797.

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The Constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church, until 1808, was not clearly defined. Like the National Constitution of England, it was not specifically and definitely formulated in any given document. The first Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, printed in 1785, an original copy of which is before us, contains the Constitution of the new Church. In 1808 great advances were made towards a clearly-defined and easy-to-be-understood Constitution. To meet a long-felt need, and after much consideration, in 1901 the form of a Documentary Constitution was sent to all the Annual Conferences for approval, it being approved by 8,241 members out of 10,766 present and voting, or more than three-fourths of all. On May 6, 1902, the bishops proclaimed "the adoption of the New Constitution." This gave to American Methodism in 1902 what British Methodism has had since 1797. America was one hundred and five years behind British Methodism in the matter of a clearly-defined documentary constitution. Surely John Wesley's idea of the activity of the Americans when he said, "The Americans leap like a flea, I am obliged to

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creep," is incorrect in this particular. For one hundred and five years we crept along without a specific documentary constitution.

CONFERENCES

British Methodism has no General Conference. The Annual Conference both makes and operates its laws. It always meets in July, and lasts about sixteen days, including two Sundays. It must be held five days; it must not exceed three weeks. Much of the work of the Conference is prepared by committees, which begin to meet soon after the May Synods are over. The most important of these are the Home Mission Committee and the Stationing Committee. The last of the great committees to meet before Conference is that of the July Examination of Candidates for the Ministry.

Fifteen centers have been selected for the Conference to meet in, the object being to place the Conference in those parts of England where its presence will tell most for the good of the cause. It meets twice in London to once elsewhere. Each center has its turn.

The chief section of the Conference is the

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Legal Hundred. All property is by the Poll Deed vested in it. This is the law-making section of the Conference. Members of the Legal Hundred fall out by becoming supernumeraries for more than two years. Vacancies are filled by those who have traveled fourteen years and upwards, on the nominations of those who have traveled ten years and upwards; but those admitted on the ground of seniority are elected by the Legal Conference alone. It is considered a great honor to be elected into this body, especially when not on the ground of seniority. From this hundred the president of Conference is chosen.

Not until Wednesday, August 8, 1900, could every preacher sent to Conference and in full connection vote for president. Before this only preachers who had been in full connection ten years and upwards could vote for president of Conference. He, with the secretary of the Conference, are now nominated one year before they enter their offices. This new departure was made in 1900. The Legal Hundred will elect those nominated by each preceding Conference. Thus these high offi-

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cers are given time to prepare themselves to enter upon their work.

All the preachers do not attend Conference. Many have never been present since their ordination. Its membership is composed of the hundred, and those who are elected by the quarterly Synods, to either the pastoral or representative sessions. Some are by vote simply permitted to attend. By this arrangement the circuit pulpits are not left vacant on Conference Sundays.

Since the introduction of Lay Representation until 1901 there were practically three sessions of each Annual Conference, first and last the Pastoral Sessions, and sandwiched between these the Representative Session. At first the laymen came up in the third week, then in the second. Since 1901 the Representative Session is held first, and the Pastoral second. The laymen complained that matters had been settled before their voices had been heard, hence the change in the "Order of Sessions" by vote of the quarterly Synods in 1899-1900. Thus British Methodist laymen have come to the fore. It is to this Annual Conference the Methodist Epis-

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copal and some other branches of Methodism send fraternal delegates. This is the mother Conference of Methodism. The Wesleyan Methodist Church, not the Church of England, is our mother Church.

PREACHERS' APPOINTMENTS

These are made by the Stationing Committee, composed of preachers. Each Synod sends one representative to this committee, usually the chairman of the Synod. It meets before and during Conference. It issues three printed Drafts of Stations. The First Draft is sent over the country before Conference assembles. Invitations are allowed, and provisional engagements of preachers to circuits are made, and published sometimes even four years in advance. If an engagement can be approved, it is gladly done by the committee. Then the "uninvited men" are placed. The Third Draft of stations is final. Against the first and second any preacher or circuit has the right to appeal.

English Methodist preachers wonder at the docility of preachers in what they call Free America, submitting to be stationed by the

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advice of even pious presiding elders, some of whose ways "are past finding out," and by unknown bishops, who with their own grips already packed read off the appointments, then quickly depart by lightning express to parts unknown. They also pity their poor American brothers, who by the first slow train go to their appointments, unable to sing, but murmuring, "Other refuge have I none."

But as far as we are able to judge, their system is attended with as many disappointments as ours, but their preachers nearly always know where they are going before the Conference closes. They are almost sure to go where printed in the second draft of stations.

The English Wesleyan ministry has only one order; that is, presbyters or elders, by which names they are but seldom called. Traveling preachers is the general name, to distinguish them from local preachers, who are never ordained. They have no Order of Deacons nor office of bishops. Instead of bishops, a president is elected each year. This is the highest honor which can be conferred on an English Methodist preacher.

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The term of probation for a traveling preacher is four years, after which, if all examinations are successfully passed, he is admitted into full connection, and ordained once for all. He is then allowed to marry, and not until then.

It may be interesting to trace the steps of a preacher up to this point of ordination. He is then usually about twenty-five years of age. On his native circuit the lad showed zeal and ability as a Sunday-school teacher, or prayer leader at cottage meetings. He felt called to preach, and applied to his circuit preacher, or superintendent, for permission to try his wings for a flight to the local preacher's ranks. He was given a "note to preach," and sent to some small country appointment, with local preachers to hear him once in each place. They reported to the Quarterly Local Preachers' Meeting of the circuit. The report being favorable, he was admitted on the Circuit Plan, or list of appointments for the quarter, on that particular circuit "on trial" for a local preacher. For a year he was appointed with the other "locals," and then preached trial sermons before at least one of the traveling preachers. He was examined on the doctrines

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and polity of the Church before the Local Preachers' Quarterly Meeting. He passed, and was admitted to full plan as a local preacher. Called to enter the traveling ranks, he did his best in study and preaching as a local preacher and worker in the Church until, at the end of about two years, he offered himself a candidate for the traveling ministry. He then had to preach trial sermons before the ministers of the circuit, and get recommended by the Circuit Quarterly Meeting to the District Synod. There also he preached at least one trial sermon, and was again examined. Being successful, he was recommended to the Annual Conference. To it he went, or rather to the Committee on Examination of Candidates. More trial sermons, and another examination on general knowledge and on the doctrines and polity of Methodism. Having succeeded there, he was accepted as a candidate, and placed on the President's List of Reserve. Up to this point he had lived on the self-supporting plan, and not received a penny for all his preaching. Now the Conference takes him in hand, and usually sends him to one of the "colleges"

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for training preachers, where he remains for three years. If without means, he has no care of support. He is fed, housed, and taught at the expense of the Church, and if he does well there and on his first circuits as a traveling preacher on trial, one of these three years is counted on his probation, which will bring him one year nearer the united state of matrimony, if inclined that way.

English Methodism lays hands suddenly on no man to make him a preacher. He must show piety and speaking ability to pass up through this long series of trials and examinations. After leaving the college he is sent out to a circuit as a "young man." Being single, he is not given a house nor nearly as much salary as a married minister receives. He is not supposed to be even "engaged," so the young ladies of the circuit usually have a fair chance at him. Very often the wealthier of them catch him, and the very next day after his ordination they are married.

Why this celibacy? The Conference wants its candidates free from even engagements, that the young men may give their whole attention to preparation for the work of the

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ministry. They think that "Kirjath-Sepher," the city of books, should be captured before a Methodist daughter should be bestowed. They also think that a man is more likely to secure a suitable helpmeet after than before his training for the ministry. The work being laid out in circuits, single men are necessary fully to man these at less pay than their married coadjutors. Thus they can help pay back the cost of their three years' schooling. Once admitted on the president's list of reserve, a capable and worthy young man need have no more care for support or place to study and preach. There being only one Conference, he has not even to seek that, but is at once sent to a circuit on leaving school.

CIRCUITS

New York or Boston would be divided into circuits, with two or three city churches on each, and several country preaching places. If three city churches were on the circuit, two married preachers with houses, and probably one single preacher, would rotate in the city pulpits, and the local preachers would rotate in the country places. The local preachers,

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giving their services, ten or twelve appointments could be filled each week with only three or four paid preachers. Our own country work would be greatly helped by restoring the circuit system. Many now wholly neglected places would then have the gospel. The tendency during the last thirty years in England has been to reduce the size of the circuits, especially in the cities. A few preachers have occupied one pulpit most of their three years; but there the circuit system is absolutely necessary for the country work. The noble army of 20,288 local preachers, without money or price, heartily co-operate with the 2,238 traveling preachers in carrying on the work. It is an excellent training field for candidates for the ministry. But after thirty years' experience in reducing the size of English circuits and making solitary stations, they are rebounding to larger circuits. More than thirty such solitary stations were joined to circuits at a recent Conference.

The reasons assigned are worthy our most careful attention. The single charge is liable to have a weak officary. Some men have to be placed in high offices on a charge, who

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would not be intrusted with janitorial duties if the charge were a part of a strong circuit. The circuit gives larger choice of good timber for Official Boards. The charge is not so likely to be aggressive, but is liable to fear the loss of a few pew rents if another Church is started at even a suitable distance away. But, "What matter if my charge suffers a little for a little while, if I am a part of a circuit," says the circuit preacher, and each of the members, "We, the circuit, are one." On this plan each English preacher usually has one Church of the circuit under his special charge. In it he preaches once on Sunday and on a week night. One of his colleagues also preaches once a week. On special occasions the whole ministerial force of the circuit is concentrated on one charge, and the Connectional spirit is increased. Are we suffering from lack of the Connectional spirit among us? Will the removal of the time-limit tend, unless we are very careful and very faithful, to cause the good Connectional spirit to take his flight from us, and leave us each in his own isolated grandeur or desolation, as the case may be?

If the officary of a circuit see the Lord's

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good money locked up in a chapel which has had its day of usefulness, and has ceased to be the power it once was because of changed environment, the Circuit Quarterly Meeting, made up of the best men from each of the chapels, considers the larger needs of the circuit or the city, and, in the interest of wider Methodism, vote to sell out the old stand, and invest God's good money in new chapels, where new populations are crowding in. This could not be so easily done, if each chapel had its own independent officary, who would naturally cling to the old stand, especially if it brought in a yearly income.

We venture the opinion that the Methodist movement will cease to move if the Connectional spirit of the movement is allowed to depart from among us. The Holy Spirit and the Methodist Connectional spirit, these two are the very vitals of Methodism in any land.

ORDINATION

As already stated, there is only one order of ministry in British Methodism. Only since 1836, when Dr. Wilbur Fisk was our delegate to the British Conference, have all

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Wesleyan preachers been ordained by the laying on of hands. Dr. Fisk had much to do with this great change. Until then the Conference merely received men into full connection. All the earliest Methodist preachers on both sides of the Atlantic, excepting those who came from the ministry of the Church of England, were unordained men. John Wesley ordained only thirty. The first six of these were for the work in America. On September 1, 1784, he ordained Whatcoat and Vasey deacons, on September 2d elders, and on the same day he ordained Dr. Thomas Coke bishop. The next day he ordained three others, unnamed, for America. Two clergymen, Dr. Thomas Coke, of the Church of England, and James Creighton, of the Church of Ireland, assisted him. Mr. Creighton's daughter came to New England, and became the wife of Senator Odiorne, of Boston. Her honored dust lies in the old Central Burying-ground in Boston. Her father assisted John Wesley in these first ordinations of his preachers for America in 1784. Wesley afterwards ordained twenty-four for the British work.

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At his death but few of his preachers were ordained men. Not until 1836 did ordination in the Wesleyan Methodist Church come to the preachers. It was then decreed to be "a standing rule and usage in future years." Even now certificates of ordination are given only to missionaries. Dr. Coke also introduced this custom into the British Conference. For fifty-two years the Methodist Episcopal Church had been ordaining her preachers before her mother across the sea began to do it.

Why did not English Methodism adopt the episcopal government? Certainly not because Wesley did not prefer it, else why did he choose this form for American Methodism? Had Wesley separated himself from the Church of England, and formed a separate Church, instead of a "Society," he doubtless would have given England a Methodist Episcopal Church. One of his ordinations for England proves this beyond a doubt. He ordained Alexander Mather, not as elder only, but as superintendent or bishop. This must have been to oversee the work after his decease, and to ordain preachers. But at his

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death they were afraid to launch out into the Episcopal sea, and therefore they hugged the Presbyterian shore, with the result that British Methodism is presbyterian, not episcopal, in its polity.

This we regard as a great mistake of the early English Methodists, and a great hindrance to the progress of Methodism in Great Britain. Some far-seeing preachers saw this, and took steps toward making English Methodism episcopal. This was in 1794, only three years after Wesley's death. This fact does not often appear in the histories. In the library of Headingly College there is a manuscript containing notes of a meeting of Bishops Coke and Mather, though neither was called a bishop in England, though both had been ordained bishops by Wesley. They and six others, viz., Thomas Taylor, John Pawson, Samuel Bradburn, James Rogers, Henry Moore, and Adam Clarke, met secretly in Litchfield on April 2, 1794, to launch Methodist episcopacy upon England. Resolutions were there prepared, and in due time were presented to the next Conference. But these resolutions were met with the impious refrain, "Down with the

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bishops!" Benson did his best to oppose episcopacy. Thus ended the honest attempt to carry out Wesley's idea of episcopacy for Methodism in England, when after his death she should become a separate Church.

An attempt to introduce "separate chairmen," corresponding to our presiding elders, into English Methodism in 1894 stirred up the old question, and caused the cry of "No bishops" to be iterated and reiterated throughout British Methodism. The chairmen of English districts are also preachers on one of the circuits of their districts. They receive no extra pay for their extra duties; the honor suffices. That John Wesley intended an episcopal Methodism for England is seen in the Prayer-book which he prepared for British Methodism, and which is exactly like the one he prepared for the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, excepting the prayers for the national rulers. This "The Sunday Services of the Methodists," as it is called, has in it "The Form and Manner of Making and Ordaining of Superintendents, Elders, and Deacons." Later the English Methodists changed all this.

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LAY REPRESENTATION IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN METHODISM

Lay representation in our General Conference was legalized in 1872. The British Conference was six years later in admitting laymen to its councils (1878). The steps which led to this on both sides of the Atlantic are briefly these: Wesley died in 1791, six and a quarter years after the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New and perplexing questions of administering without the help of the founder naturally arose. The agitation for lay representation began in this new Republic.

The secession led off by O'Kelly and others in 1792, only about eight years after our organization, was largely on clerical predominance. It gave the country "The Republican Methodists." In 1820 the question, after nearly twenty years of comparative silence, was reopened in the columns of the *Wesleyan Repository*. The agitators were expelled. In 1828 the General Conference was petitioned to admit laymen. This called forth Dr. Emory's great reply, which, from the anti-

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laymen side, was most masterly. But Dr. Stevens says this reply was really written by that great layman, Dr. Thomas Bond. In 1828 came the Methodist Protestant secession, largely on this question.

In 1856 that imperturbable Boston sheet, *Zion's Herald*, had the audacity to reopen the question, and renew the agitation. The *National Magazine* and the *Christian Advocate* took it up, and in 1860 *The Methodist*, published in New York City, was founded chiefly to advocate it. The result was, the question was submitted to the Annual Conferences in 1868. They voted for it, and the General Conference of 1872 sanctioned it, fixing the ratio of representation at not more than two for each Conference. Soon arose the question of Equal Lay Representation, with the glad result at the General Conference, 1900, of numerical equality. May 2, 1900, will go down into American Methodist history as a red-letter day.

Our English mother lagged behind us in this great reform. It was six years after we admitted laymen to our councils before the British Conference did the same. Their date

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was 1878. But they began with equal representation. However, they had been paving the way for it for many years. The Kilham secession of 1796, four years after our O'Kelly rebellion, was almost exclusively for greater lay privileges. The outcome was the Methodist New Connection, a very respectable, but not large body, in England. They proceeded by elections to put laymen into almost every department of their Church and its work. The mother Church moved more cautiously. In 1801 she gave circuit stewards a right to attend the district meetings and advise in financial matters. This was the thin end of the entering lay wedge. In 1803 a Committee of Privileges was appointed to "guard our religious privileges in these perilous times." In 1815 laymen were introduced by selection of the preachers into the Missionary Committee, then into the Home Missionary and the Chapel Committees. In 1861 was organized a Committee of Review, into which the principles of direct representation was introduced. Thus step by step English Methodist laymen moved up to the doors of the Conference, until in 1878, six years later than with us, the Con-

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ference doors opened to them in a Representative Session, of two hundred and forty ministers and two hundred and forty laymen. They began with equal representation, which point we reached in 1900, just twenty years later.

The English lay delegates are now increased to three hundred. They are composed of one of the treasurers of the Conference committees, who are members *ex-officio*, and until 1900 the Conference chose eighteen others, six each year, for three years. This was when the number was only two hundred and forty. It now elects forty-eight in all. The others are chosen by the District Synods, according to their membership. For instance: the first London Synod in 1900 elected a ministerial representative to the Stationing Committee, six ministers to the Pastoral Conference, and six ministers to the Representative Session, and nine laymen to the Representative Session. In these Synods ministers and laymen vote separately on some questions. There are forty-four districts in the British Conference, and each has its own Synod. The next British Conference was composed of six hun-

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dred members, three hundred lay and three hundred ministerial. They first sat together in Representative Session, and did such business together as did not belong to the pastoral relations. Afterwards the Pastoral Session was held to attend to all pastoral matters and to legalize all approved measures of the whole Conference. Thus the selection of laymen by ministers for counsel in England has led to their election into the Conference. The new century began with laymen sitting in equal numbers with the pastors in both English and American Methodism, though American Methodism lagged behind just twenty-two years in the matter of equal representation.

We think that every careful student of early Methodism will conclude that, at the first, exclusive ministerial leadership, if not necessary, was at least desirable. But very few remain on either side of the ocean who do not rejoice in the democratizing of the Methodisms in their present advanced stages of progress. Many firmly believe that a great need of Methodism is more laymen in our councils, and more elective privileges for our laymen and preachers.

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ENGLISH METHODISM AND EDUCATION

British Methodism owns no university nor "college" of the New England grade. The term "college" is very loosely applied to many of their schools. The nearest approach to a proper American College of Liberal Arts is the Leys School, at Cambridge, of which the late Dr. W. F. Moulton was the principal. This is a first-class secondary school, where men are fitted for the Universities of Cambridge, Oxford, or Durham. Some of the students proceed so far, by special tutoring, as to take the examinations for degrees at the London University, which is only an examining, and is not a teaching Faculty.

Wesley College, at Sheffield, and a similar one in Taunton, are good secondary schools. None of these are owned or wholly controlled by the Conference. English Methodism has no institution empowered to grant degrees. She has a large share in elementary education, which is equal to our primary and grammar school work. This day, 159,716 scholars are on her rolls, with 128,992 average attendance. She receives help from the government, as

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do other denominations who do this same kind of school work. The Board School system is now sharply competing with the denominational schools. The "colleges," such as Westminster Training College, London, are "normal schools," where teachers are trained for Wesleyan elementary day-schools. The "colleges" for ministerial training at Richmond, Didsbury, Headingly, and Handsworth—all these take candidates accepted for the President's List of Reserve, just where they are, and teach them. It is not uncommon for some of the teachers to be found teaching young men, with preaching gifts, English grammar and arithmetic. The standard for candidates now is being raised. Here and there may be found a man who has taken a degree at Oxford, Durham, or London. Such is a "*rara avis*" among the candidates. A "college" for young preachers is a mixture of a Conference seminary and a school of theology. Three years is the full course, whatever may be the starting point. The staff of teachers is small; one man being "classical tutor" from Greek alphabet on; another being "theological tutor." With us his work would

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be divided among three professors. The men sent out are usually better speakers than scholars. If they could not talk fairly well, they could never have gotten along so far as to get into one of these colleges.

English Methodist ministers with degrees are few, unless they got them from Scotland, Ireland, or America. When an Englishman has a degree he nearly always flies it after his name. It is usually also put upon his tombstone, when he is ready for one. The British Conference will not recognize a degree until a committee has investigated the case, and learned where the man got it from, and how. If all is satisfactory, it appears in the Conference Minutes and everywhere else. Our Wesleyan University has doctored several leading Wesleyan preachers of England, from Jabez Bunting down to W. T. Davison. English Methodist preachers usually ridicule American degrees. They too often judge them by the bogus colleges which have been exposed for granting them; yet few things would please the average English Methodist preacher of our acquaintance more than an honorary degree which the committee of his Conference would

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recognize. It would have a monetary value for him when he needed a new appointment. Their greatest living educator is Dr. Rigg; scientist, is Dr. Dallinger; ecclesiastical lawyer, John S. Simon; their greatest missionary, is S. F. Collier. The late Dr. W. F. Moulton was the modern Adam Clarke of British Methodism. Hugh Price Hughes was their greatest reformer. English Methodist preachers are well educated; but they are largely self-educated men.

ENGLISH PREACHING

The Methodists, like most of the English preachers whom we have heard and read, expound the Scriptures more fully and frequently than do the Americans. They seem to think that the best way to pound the devil is to expound the Word of God. Whilst in such a great number of pulpiteers there are doubtless many who give the people simply "commentary stuff" and "book illustrations," yet a glance at our libraries will at once convince us that some of the best homiletical matter we have is from English pens. We have observed less "funny" preaching, and more of the truly

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evangelistic, in England than we see reported in the American Monday papers. Purely topical preaching is rare, topical expository seems to be increasing; but the preachers seem bound "to preach the Word." Unpalatable truths are not omitted from English Methodist pulpits.

Much open-air preaching is done. When a preacher or Church seems threatened with that dire disease, consumption, preachers and people often try the open-air treatment. Methodism was born in the open air. O, if some of our weak Churches and weakly pastors only knew "what is in the air!" We once heard a man preaching to a large audience at eleven o'clock at night. It was on the edge of the sidewalk, on Mile End Road, London. He and the people were having a good time.

BENEVOLENCES

Foreign Missions.—We boast of the million and about a third dollars raised in 1902 for missions, which with us includes Home and Foreign. More than eighty years ago the English Wesleyan Methodists separated their societies. They now give about as much to

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Foreign Missions as we do, though their membership is only 496,710, about one-sixth as large as ours. English Methodist Foreign Missions are in the front rank, and English Methodists are front-rank givers for this cause.

Their Worn-out Preachers' Fund. This supplements the amounts the superannuates receive from the Annuitant Society, into which they have paid each year since they joined the Conference. This assures them a fairly comfortable support in their old age. Though the English salaries are small, compared with our larger salaries (\$600 a year being about the minimum, and \$1,250 and house being about the maximum), yet we think that English Methodist preachers are among the best cared for set of men in all that "right little, tight little island." The late Archbishop Temple rather prided himself that he knew a good deal of the working of Methodism. He told the tale himself of his interview with a candidate for reordination when he was Bishop of Exeter. The young fellow was a Wesleyan minister, not a distinguished one.

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Bishop Temple put him through his pacings after this fashion :

“Mr. So-and-So, as a Wesleyan minister you are always sure of an appointment?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“You are always paid your stipend. When you marry your stipend is increased, is it not?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“If you have children you receive allowances for them; and payment for their education; or you can send them to the Methodist schools. Is not that so?”

“O, yes!”

“If you are sick and disabled you are cared for; if you become old and infirm there are two funds from which you can get help; if you die your widow receives an annuity: is not that so?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Well,” said the bishop, “I hope you have considered all that, for we have no such arrangements.”

The upshot was that Bishop Temple refused to reordain him, and he had to get some other bishop to do the work, and relieve Methodism

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of a man that it really did not need. The archbishop's position was not an easy one. He did his work well, and he has gone to his grave with the hearty respect of the people of at least one other Church than his own.

ENGLISH METHODISM AND REFORMS: A GLANCE

Temperance.—Thirty years ago temperance sermons in Wesleyan pulpits would have given great offense. Much progress has been made since then. In 1885 there were only 308 Wesleyan Temperance Societies in Great Britain, and their number was then decreasing. December 13, 1885, was appointed as Temperance Sunday, and preachers were requested to preach on the subject. Very many failed to do so. But the Conference now has a temperance evangelist, and a large number of the preachers who, unlike John Wesley, are total abstainers. Such men as the late Rev. Charles Garrett and Dr. T. B. Stephenson have done noble fighting against the drinking habits of old England. Unfermented wine is now being introduced into Wesleyan communion services.

In social and political reforms English

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Methodism has been led to the fore by such men as the Rev. S. F. Collier, of Manchester, and the late Hugh Price Hughes, of London, with their great and ever-growing greater Forward Movement missions. The finest Institutional Church work we have seen or read of is being done in the Manchester and Salford Methodist Mission, led by S. F. Collier. The net increase for the year 1901-2 of 8,243 members, with 156 candidates for the ministry, is largely the direct and indirect results of work done in these and other such evangelistic centers.

English Methodist *statistics* are very reliable. Class-meeting attendance is still a test of membership. Unless each member has his new class ticket each quarter he is dropped, or entered as "ceased to meet." In 1901-2, 21,451 "ceased to be members." Each member pays his weekly class money, and his quarterage for his ticket, or shows the reason why not. Oliver Wendell Holmes said concerning some statistics, they are "like greens, they shrink dreadfully in boiling." American Methodists are now boiling down the statistics of their membership. We hope soon to know

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the real numerical strength of American Methodism.

English Methodism was late in organizing her young people into a united society. Their *Wesley Guild* is very like the Epworth League, and would never have come into existence but for it and the Christian Endeavor Society. They would not adopt the American name; but they work our methods with increasing success.

In many of the leading Churches the "Book of Common Prayer," or "The Sunday Service of the Methodists," is used in the morning services. They sing more stanzas than Americans. Their services are, at least outwardly, much more reverential. The congregations are generally very much larger than the membership of the Churches. The class-meeting test keeps many from joining the Church who are really Christians. It is comparatively easy to gather a large congregation in England. It does one good to see the crowds wending towards and pouring out of the churches on Sundays.

The social status of Wesleyan Methodism

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is high. She has wisely followed her people up as they have ascended the social scale, and has adapted her services, methods of work, and of worship to the people as they have grown wiser and richer. Whilst she does not neglect the poor, she is equally careful to provide for the rich, and also for the more cultured of her people. The Methodist social strata of England may be spoken of roughly as: bottom layer, the Bible Christians; then, the Primitive Methodists; next to these, the United Methodist Free Churches; above them, the Methodist New Connection. Above these, and striking right down through all the strata, is the Wesleyan Methodist Church, which is the mother of universal Methodism.

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

The Real John Wesley.

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